

EACH VOLUME SOLD SEPARATELY.

COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS
TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 994.

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA
BY THE AUTHOR OF
"CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

IN TWO VOLUMES. — VOL. 2.

LEIPZIG: BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.

PARIS: C. REINWALD, 15, RUE DES SAINTS PÈRES.

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ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA:

A STORY OF

The Commonwealth and the Restoration.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1868.

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CORRENT VISION

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUBENHUT

1888

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ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA:
A STORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH
AND
THE RESTORATION.

I.

Lettice's Diary.

PARIS, *Twelfth Night*, 1655. — My birth-day. More than four years since I wrote a word in this book. The pages begin to look faded, like my youth. I scarcely know why I have left such an interval, except that it is so difficult not to look on the whole of this life of exile as an interval; a blank space, or an impertinent episode in the history of life, which, by-and-by, when the true history begins again, we may just tear out or seal together.

All this time I have heard nothing from the old friends in England, except two letters; one from Mistress Dorothy, wherein she gave me a terrible picture of the wrong-doings and thinkings of certain

religious people of an entirely new kind, whom she calls "Quakers." It seems that Olive brought one to her house at Kidderminster; which Mistress Dorothy thought a great wrong. As far as I can make out, Olive has no thought of becoming a Quaker; nor can I find out distinctly what the Quakers are or do, except that every one seems enraged against them, and that on that ground Olive and Dr. Antony took this Quaker maiden under their wing. Poor sweet Olive, she always had a way of getting entangled into defending people under general ban; from witches downward or upward. I suppose Annis Nye is Olive's present Gammer Grindle. In which case, Olive at least seems little changed. (But that letter was written before the fatal Battle of Worcester.) From Mistress Dorothy's account, they appear to be a new kind of sect, with a new elaborate ceremonial or ritual, to which they adhere very strictly. Mistress Dorothy speaks of their refusing to take off their hats, and to bow or courtesy. This must evidently be a ritual observance; because people would scarcely be sent to prison simply for keeping on their hats and not courtesying.

Mistress Dorothy spoke, too, by the way, of Olive's two children, Maidie and the babe.

The babe must be now a prattling child of five, and Maidie probably a little person invested with the

solemn responsibilities of the eldest sister. I fancy her with Olive's fair, calm face, thinking it her greatest honour to share her mother's household occupations, or to run by her side with a basket of food to supplement Dr. Antony's medicines. I fancy Mistress Gretel smiling at the babes, and letting them entangle her knitting, with the feeblest of remonstrances, and in a serene way undermining all Olive's "wholesome discipline." I fancy Mr. Drayton a little older, a little graver, not quite satisfied with the fruits of the war, wishing Mr. Hampden back, and Lord Falkland, and England as they might have made it; and taking refuge with the stars and his grandchildren. I fancy — till I am angry with myself for fancying anything, as if it made shadows out of realities. For they live; *they live*, in the old solid living England! If any are shadows, it is we, poor, helpless, voiceless exiles on this shadowy shore; not they. And then I begin to think not of what I fancy, but what I *know*. I know they are good, and kind, and godly still. And I know — yes, I *know* — they have not forgotten; they still love and think of me. Only sometimes it troubles me a little that they are going on thinking of me as the young Lettice they knew so long ago; which is scarcely the same as thinking of the middle-aged Lettice Davenant who has reached her twenty-ninth birth-day to-day.

I think sometimes now of the scorn with which I was wont to speak of middle states of things, saying there was no poetry in mid-day, mid-summer, middle-station, middle-age. And often and often the answer comes cheerily back, how *he* spoke of "manhood and womanhood, with their dower of noble work, and strength to do it;" and how he could not abide "to hear the spring-tide spoken pulingly of, as if it faded instead of ripening into summer; and youth, as if it set instead of dawned into manhood." "It was but a half-fledged poetry," he said, "which must go to dew-drops and rosy morning-clouds for its similes, and could see no beauty in noon-tide with its patient toil or its rapturous hush of rest." — It comes back to me like an invigorating march music, now that the joyous notes of the *réveillé* have died away, and the vesper hymns are not yet ready, and the march of noon-tide life has fairly begun.

What, then, makes evening and morning, spring and autumn, the delight of poets? The light then blossoms or fades into colour. The light itself then is a fair picture to look at. At noon it sinks deeper, no longer on the surface of clouds, but into the chalices of flowers and into the heart of fruits; it is invisibly painting pictures on the harvest-fields and orchards; it is ripening and making the world fair, and enabling us to see it. It is light not to look at, but

to work by. Its beauty is in making things beautiful. And so I think it is with middle-age. Its beauty is not in itself; but in loving thought for others, and loving work for others. Looking at ourselves in middle-life, we see only the glow faded, the dewy freshness brushed away. Therefore we must not look at ourselves, but at the work the Master gives us to do, at the brothers and sisters the Father gives us to love. In Olive's heart, no doubt, the thought of youth passing away scarcely arises. She sees her children growing around her, and works and plans for them, and counts the hours again as morning, not as evening hours, renewing her life in the morning of theirs. And although that lot is not mine, I have scarcely more temptation to "talk pulingly of morning fading into noon" than she. Madame la Mothe takes me close to her heart. With her I am her friend's child, the renewal of her own youth. Then these revenues which come to us so much more regularly than to most of the Cavaliers, give us so many means of helping others, that this alone is an occupation. Especially as these revenues are, after all, not unlimited, and my father and Walter believe they are (as the wants of the Cavaliers certainly are), so that it requires some planning and contriving to make things go as far as they can. Which in itself is a great occupation to Barbe and me, and makes our

daily house-keeping as interesting as a work of charity. And since the English Service has been prohibited at the Louvre, as it has been since the Battle of Worcester, I have some happy work in a kind of little school of young English girls, amongst whom it is sweet to do what I can, that when they go back, the Holy Scriptures and the prayers of the dear old Prayer-book may not be unfamiliar to them.

Then my father is wonderfully forbearing with me. For it has vexed him that I could not listen to some excellent Cavaliers, who wished for our alliance.

Madame la Mothe also sometimes lectures me a little on this score with reference to a nephew of hers. But as the project was primarily hers, and not his, this little proposal was much easier to decline. Only sometimes she shakes her head and says, —

“There has been a history, my poor child! Every woman’s heart has its history. But Heaven forbid that I should seek to penetrate into thy secret. Yet thou art not like thy mother in all things. She suffered. Thou wilt conquer. Her eyes were as those of the Mater Dolorosa weeping by the Cross. Thine are as those of the Regina Cœli above the storms.”

And I cannot tell her. Because I can never

look on that love as a history. I know so well he could not change. It is scarcely betrothal, for there is neither promise nor hope. It is simply belonging to each other in life and in death.

Then sometimes she smiles and kisses me and says, "There is some little comfort even in thy being of 'the religion.' On that rock of thine no torrent of Port-Royalist eloquence will sweep thee away from us into a convent. And for the rest, God is merciful; and having made islands, it is possible He has especial dispensations suited to islands."

For Madame la Mothe has entirely relinquished my conversion. Seeing that I can honour the ladies of Port-Royal from the bottom of the heart, without being attracted myself to Port-Royal, she has given me up.

She says I have no restless cravings, no void to fill, and it is to the restlessness of the heart that the repose of religion appeals.

In one way she is right. Thank God she is right. Or rather my whole heart is one great craving unfathomable void. But Christianity fills it. Christ fills it. He himself; satisfying every aspiration, meeting every want, being all I want. Pitying, forgiving, loving, *commanding* me. The commanding sometimes most satisfying of all. Always, always;

all through my heart. Redeemer, that is much; Master, that (afterwards) is almost more. Father! that is all.

There have been sorrows. After Worcester, my father was so terribly cast down and gentle. I remember it was almost a relief the first time he was really a little angry after that; although it was with me he was angry; and quite a relief to hear him begin to storm at the French Court again, when they suppressed our English Service at the Louvre, and did what they could with any civility to suppress or dismiss us, and began to pay court to the Arch-Traitor.

Since then the success of the Usurper is making England great, and the baseness of some of the attempts to assassinate him (not discouraged, alas, by some of our Court!) have strained my father's loyalty to the utmost.

But *the* sorrow is Walter; the wrong which sometimes makes us ready, in desperation, to pay our allegiance anywhere but there whence the evil came, is the sore change in him. We made some sacrifices in old times to the royal cause. But what were poor Dick, and Robert, and George, slain on the field, or even Harry laying down his life at Naseby, or even that precious mother stricken into heaven by his death, compared with a life poisoned

in its springs like Walter's at this selfish wicked Court. All the fair promise of his youth turned into corruption; his very *heart* slain!

Our martyred king required the lives of our dearest, and they were given willingly for him. But this king takes their souls, themselves, their life of life, not as a living sacrifice, but to be trampled, and soiled, and crushed in the dust and mire of sin, till their dear familiar features are scarcely to be distinguished by those who love them best.

The gladness of heart my mother delighted in changed into a fickle irritability, or frozen into mockery at all sacred things, human or divine. The generous spirit degraded into mere selfish lavishness, caring not at what cost to others it buys its wretched pleasures.

And then the miserable reactions of regret and remorse, which I used to rejoice in, until I learned to know they were the mere irritable self-loathing of exhausted passion, as little moral as when (at other times) the same irritation turned against my father or me instead of against himself. Until at last I *dare* not profane the sacred names of mother and of God, by using them as a kind of magic spell to unseal the springs of maudlin sentimental tears. Oh, how bitter the words look! Walter, Walter, my brother! tenderly committed by my mother to me,

living in the house with us day by day, yet further off — more out of reach (it seems) of pleading or prayer than those who lie on the cold slopes of Rowton Heath and Naseby! Is there no weapon in God's armoury to reach thy heart? Good Mistress Gretel used to say God had so many weapons we knew not of in His store-houses. In mine, alas, there seem none; none except *going on loving*. And perhaps after all that is the strongest in His.

Going on loving. Yes; our Lord surely did that — does that. When "He turned to the woman" in Simon's house, it was not the first time He had so turned to her. Not the first. How many times from the first! Yet at last she turned and came and looked on Him. And she was forgiven. And in loving Him a new fountain of purity was opened in her heart, the only purity worth the name, the purity of love; the purity not of ice but of fire. Yes; in Him there is the possibility of restoration.

But, oh, for these desecrated wasted years, for the glory of the prime turned into corruption, for all that might have been and never can be, for this one irrevocable life ebbing, ebbing so fast away, for the terrible possibility of there being no restoration. For some looked, and listened, and longed, but never came!

May. — Barbe came into my chamber this morning, weeping and wringing her hands.

“Ah, mademoiselle!” she said; “another St. Bartholomew — a second St. Bartholomew!”

“Have they risen against the Protestants in Paris?” I said. And my first thought was of Walter, — a wild thought, whether this might be the angel’s sword to drive him back into the fold. If we were to be hunted hither and thither, who could say but in the severe destitution of some den or cave of refuge, or even in the prison of the Inquisition, sacred old words might come back to him, and he might turn and be saved? And then another flash of thought! If we were seized as Protestants, England would rise; Cromwell, Englishman and Protestant that he was, would demand us back. We should no more be Royalist and Rebel, but all English and Protestant; and return to England, to Netherby, and Walter with us, and a new life begin. Wild hopes, flashing through my mind between my question and Barbe’s answer, delayed, as it was, by her tears.

“Not in Paris yet, mademoiselle; that is to come. No doubt the tyrants will not end where they began. It is the people of the valleys — the Vaudois — men of the religion, before France knew what the religion was. My mother’s kindred came thence — quiet, loyal peasants, tilling their poor patches of

field and vineyard among the savage mountains. The Duke of Savoy would have them all forswear the religion in three days. They held firm. He sent six regiments — herds of monsters, wild beasts, among the people. They tortured, killed, wrought horrors I cannot name, but which those faithful men and women had to bear." And her sobs choked her words; until by degrees she told me all she knew of the dreadful story of outrage and wrong.

"And is there none to help?" I said.

"There is none; — unless it be this Mr. Cromwell," she said, with a little hesitation, knowing how abhorred the name was amongst us. "These poor, exiled, outraged Christians have appealed to him."

June 8. — My father says all the world is ablaze about this letter of Mr. John Milton, the Usurper's Latin secretary, concerning these persecuted exiles from the valleys. Its words are very strong. It seems not unlikely the French Court may be moved to interfere on their behalf.

"It is some comfort," said my father, "to see that the old country has a voice which must be listened to, even though she speaks through the mouth of this murderous Usurper."

June 9. — My father came in, with his eyes en-

kindled with a look of triumph such as I had not seen in them for years.

“We must have a rejoicing, Lettice, cost what it may. There is no help for it, but an English gentleman’s heart must be glad at such news! Robert Blake has been pounding them right and left — Pope and Turk, Duke and Dey. The Blakes of Somersetshire — a good old family: I knew them well. The English fleet calls at Leghorn, and the Pope and his Italians eagerly grant whatever they demand. The English fleet calls at Tunis, demanding justice from the Dey and his pirates. The Dey refuses: Blake batters down his forts, and burns his fleet in the harbour. The Dey will not refuse us our rights again. The world begins to know what the name of an Englishman means. Already these French courtiers practise a little civility. The very rascal boys in the streets seemed less impudent. We must have a merry-making, Lettice. What can we do? At home we would have all the village to a feast, set all the ale-barrels flowing, and all the bells in the country ringing. But here the people, poor half-starved creatures, drink nothing but vinegar. And as to these everlasting bells, that are always dropping and trickling, no one knows why; it would do one’s heart good if one could wake them up for once, and set them free altogether, to burst out in

the torrent of a grand old English peal. But we cannot. To whom can we give a feast, Lettice? One cannot exactly have a Cavalier dinner, because it might look like celebrating the victory of the Usurper. Yet somebody or other must be made the merrier, that the old country has done such a good stroke of work. Whom can we have?"

I could think of no one but Barbe, her father and mother, and the seven hungry little brothers and sisters she helped to support. Accordingly the next day we made them a supper in honour of the victory over the Turks; an attention which seemed to gratify our guests much, although my father was not a little dissatisfied at having to entertain guests on what he scornfully termed "broth, vinegar, and sugar-plums." But I think to the end Barbe and her family remained in a very misty state of mind as to what they were to rejoice about; and but for my father's imperfect acquaintance with the French language, I am afraid the closing speech of Barbe's father, who was an old gentleman with political theories, and of a lofty and florid style of eloquence, might have caused an explosion. For the point of it was:

"Excellent Monsieur and amiable Mademoiselle, your country is a great country; though sometimes to us Frenchmen a little difficult to understand.

No doubt, this Monseigneur Cromwell has not the advantage of a descent as pure as could be wished; but he has the advantage of making himself understood in all languages. The Turks seem to have understood Mr. Blake. There is, also, Mr. Milton, who writes Latin with the elegance of the renowned Tully. The Duke of Savoy will have to understand him. The poor exiled Vaudois are to be restored to their valleys. Monseigneur Cromwell has insisted on it. He has also sent two thousand pounds of his own for their relief, and your nation has added more than thirty thousand; — a sum scarcely to be calculated by simple people. It is a pity Monseigneur should be out of the legitimate line of your country's kings. But such changes must happen at times in dynasties. Our own has changed more than once. And, no doubt, your magnanimous nation understands her own affairs, and ere long will arrange herself to the satisfaction of all parties. Monsieur and mademoiselle, I thank you in the name of my family. Such hospitality is the proof of a tender and generous heart, worthy of the great nation which has sent this princely succour to the oppressed."

"What does he say, Lettice?" whispered my father.

"That England is a great nation," I replied;

"and that it is a pity Oliver Cromwell was not of the house of Stuart."

For a moment my father's eyes flashed; but then, shaking his head compassionately, he only said: "Of course these poor foreigners cannot be expected to understand our politics. We must make allowances, Lettice; we must make allowances. Every man cannot, after all, be born an Englishman."

June 10. — The meaning of Barbe's father's speech is plain. The Usurper has sent an Embassy Extraordinary to the French Court and to Savoy, and all the redress he demands for the Vaudois is to be made. They are to be restored to their mountain homes, and protected from future ill usage. He styles himself "Oliver, Protector." The poor Vaudois, at least, are likely to think the title not undeserved.

June 11. — My father says Roger is here. If any one in the world could help Walter, he might. Walter has been terrible lately. His reckless, mocking ways drive my father wild. He storms in righteous anger. Walter recriminates with cool, reckless jests. My father commands him to go. Walter goes; does not come back for days. My father grows more and more restless and wretched during his absence; reproaches himself; taps at my

door at night, and says: "Lettice, I shall never rest any more. I have driven the lad to destruction. I will go and seek him." In a few hours he returns with Walter, destitute and affectionate. He returns as a prodigal; but, alas! not come to himself; aggrieved against the husks — against the beggarly citizens, who would not give him any — but chiefly against the father, who, having given him his own portion, refused him his brother's. And so, for the hundredth time, we welcome him, weep over him, make much of him, and provide him with such best robes and portions of our living as we can possibly spare. And in a day or two he meets his old associates, has some good-natured message from the king, and, before long, is drawn off into the old tide of riotous living. Away from us, heart and soul, in the far country, where we at the old home are mere shadows to him. We mere shadows to him; and he the core of our hearts to us!

I feel that these tender changes of feeling of my father's, the very anger springing from affection, and the affection making him repent of his just anger as of a sin, are not good for Walter. I cannot help, sometimes, telling him what sacrifices my father makes for him; how ungrateful and unjust he is in return. But he merely laughs, and talks as if women were creatures with quite another edition of

the Ten Commandments from men; or, sometimes, he says my Puritan friends have taken the spirit out of me; or that I should have married, and then I should have understood the world a little, and had something else to do than to educate my brothers. But when he says such things to me, he is always, or often, sorry afterwards, and tries to expiate them by some little extra gift or attention.

And often my father also is vexed rather with me than with Walter, when he and Walter have differed. He seems to think I ought in some way to have made life more cheerful to them both. But this I know he does not mean. Such words are only as an inarticulate cry of pain. He means it no more than he means what he says far oftener and more vehemently, that he will never waste another groat, nor hazard a drop of blood again, for the heartless, faithless family ("Scottish and French, not English," saith he, in his bitterest moments), which fate has smitten England with; when I know that, at the next glimpse of a hope of Restoration, he would spend his fortune to the uttermost farthing, and his blood to the last drop, to see the young king enjoy his own again.

June 12th. — We have met, Roger and I, for a few minutes; but those minutes seem to have bridged over all the years between, and it is as if our lives

had been lived side by side all the time. Yet we said scarcely a connected sentence, that I can recall.

It was in one of the little tumults which now and then arise in the narrow streets out of disputes for precedence.

I was in Madame la Mothe's coach, when we met a coach which happened to belong to a seigneur, whose lands are close to Madame la Mothe's in the country. Neither of the coachmen would give way and back his horses. It was a rivalry of centuries. As happens in so many contests, the immediate interests of the chiefs were lost sight of in the vehemence of their followers. Madame la Mothe and I were left solitary and uneasy in the coach, while the servants contended for our dignity in the street. At length the tumult of voices grew fierce, the hoofs of the horses clattered on the stones as the postilions urged them with a defiant crack of their whips, and it seemed as if the two coaches and their inmates were to charge each other bodily, as if we had been batteries or battalions.

"There will be bloodshed," exclaimed Madame la Mothe, "bloodshed for a title, for *my* title!" and pushing open the door, she sprang on the pavement, and threw herself among the combatants with words of peace.

The lady in the other coach seeing her descend, did the same. Advancing rapidly towards each other, they made reverences to each other.

Madame la Mothe held out her hands. "Let us make a compromise, madame," she said; "we will both re-ascend one coach with my young friend. Let it be yours. We will then proceed together, while my coach retires. Bloodshed will be avoided. The loyal rivalry of our people will be satisfied. Your side will gain the victory, but it will be in my service."

The ladies embraced, and hand in hand entered the other coach. The retainers shouted long life to both the illustrious houses; and the little drama was ending in a general embrace, when an obstacle presented itself in the determination of one of Madame la Mothe's horses, which absolutely refused to sacrifice his own sense of dignity by retreating.

The perplexity was great, when Madame la Mothe, turning to me, exclaimed, "My child, you will excuse my making you the victim of a slight *ruse de guerre*, to avoid wounding the honour of these excellent people. We will make it a question of national courtesy." And having obtained the other lady's consent, leaning from the window, she said to one of the young gentlemen in attendance, in a voice that all around might hear, "See, this young

lady is of a noble English house, in exile for loyalty to the unfortunate king. All noblesse yields to noblesse sacrificing itself for royalty. Conduct Mademoiselle Davenant, I pray you, to my carriage, and let us retire before her."

I was being reconducted to Madame la Mothe's carriage, pale, perhaps a little anxious, for there were murmurs of discontent among the retainers of the adverse company, when suddenly Roger appeared before me, and in a moment my hand was in his before I knew how, and I was alone in the carriage, slowly advancing, while he walked beside the window.

"A friend of mademoiselle's father! Move forward!" he said to the attendants in slightly broken French, with that quiet expectation of obedience which always gave credentials to his commands. He was obeyed; and we moved slowly on.

"You excuse me?" he said to me. His hand was on the ledge of the window. "I heard your name, and saw you looking alarmed, and before I had time to question my right to do it, I found myself taking care of you."

He said no more. And I said nothing. It was one of those moments which seem not to belong to the hours but to the ages; because one does not think of looking backward or forward while they last, the rest they bring is so complete.

But as we came to the end of the narrow street, and were about to turn into a broader place, there was again a little tumult which delayed us. Looking out, I saw it was caused by a company of young Cavaliers arrogantly pushing the crowd aside. Among them, I saw the faces of one or two whom I recognized as friends of Walter's, and I thought I caught a glimpse of Walter himself.

Then I forgot everything but Walter, the longing I had so often had that he could know Roger, and the possibility of Roger saving him.

"Roger," I said, "you remember Walter, the youngest of us, the boy my mother thought so much of. Those are some of our king's courtiers. They are Walter's friends. They are bad friends. They are ruining him for life and for ever. I have thought sometimes if you could have been his friend, it might have been different."

"I will do what I can, Lettice," he said, and that was all. But his "what I can," and his "Lettice," are volumes that need no commentary.

Madame la Mothe re-appeared.

I introduced Roger as best I could.

She lavished thanks on him, and kept him some little time in conversation, while the men were setting something right about the harness.

But he replied only in monosyllables.

For some time after he had taken leave we drove on in silence.

I was thinking whether I had done right. In committing my brother to Roger, had I not, as it were, made him my knight, sent him forth on a sacred enterprise for my sake, which he might interpret into an atonement for that terrible deed which separated us?

That terrible deed which all the blood in the world, and all the good deeds in the world cannot expiate, which nothing but repentance can blot out! And Roger will never repent.

They came sweeping back on my heart with his voice, all the old familiar sacred recollections, my mother's affection for him, the touch of her hand clasping ours, the sound of her voice blessing us. And far away, like a ghost at cock-crowing, glided that dreadful scaffold. "Politics!" did not every one say; "what have women to do with politics?"

And after all, what had Roger to do with that terrible deed? He had sat near on horseback, as a soldier of the Parliament, while it was done. As a soldier of the Parliament, what could he do otherwise? As a man, would he not rather have risked his life to save the royal sufferer's life? All the consequences of rebellion are involved in the first act of rebellion. War means life or death, victory or

death to all involved. All the terrible results were really infolded in the first fatal lifting up of the rebel standard at Edgehill; a shot might have ended His Majesty's life then as easily as the axe years afterwards. Roger's loyalty is to England, and, for her sake, to whomsoever he believes will rule and serve her best. That first act of disloyalty once committed, in the choice of a wrong leader, the more loyal the character the more disloyal must be the acts ever after. It was Roger's fatal hereditary misbelief which had enlisted him in Cromwell's army. And that my mother knew, and knowing, had sanctioned his love. But once enlisted, it was the very loyalty of heart which would have led him to die with Montrose for the king's cause, however hopeless, which had led him thus to guard the king's scaffold, however he hated to be there. For I knew he did hate to be there! If he would but once confess that his heart had bled at the sight, as I am sure it did! But I knew too well how that fatal loyalty of nature which had prevented his resisting the worst deed of his traitorous leader would keep his lips sealed for ever from disclaiming his share in it, when done.

But if I knew his heart, ought I not to accept the reverent pity which I knew *must* have moved him, and made his presence at the martyrdom a torture to him, in place of any mere words which a

heart less true than his would have uttered so easily? Indeed, whether I accepted it or not, had not it been already understood and accepted above? As the mistakes of Port Royal were understood and forgiven, and of Aunt Dorothy, and, as we trust, our own mistakes will be.

Then came the thought, —

“You are getting sophistical. Right and wrong are right and wrong for all and for ever. If you try to put yourself into the place, and feel the temptations of every criminal, as he feels them, you will end in condemning no crime.”

Thus as I sate silent by Madame la Mothe's side, while in a few moments all those arguments rushed in conflict through my heart, there was anything but silence within.

At last Madame la Mothe spoke. Very quietly she laid her hand on mine, and without looking at me, said, —

“My child, forgive me. I shall never ask what your secret is again, nor wonder why you keep your heart sealed like the doors of Port Royal.”

“It is no secret, madame,” I said. “We were betrothed by my mother's sanction. Only this dreadful war has separated us.”

“Your young Cavalier is not on the king's side?” she said. “It is a pity. He has the manners of the

ancient chivalry. Deferential and grand. His politeness has something at once protecting and lofty in it, as if he were a king, and all women as queens to him. Alas, for these English politics and these consciences!"

"It is not politics that separate us, madame," I said, almost mechanically; "it is the king's death."

"Surely the young Cavalier was too noble to be concerned in that!" she said.

"He was a soldier of the Commonwealth, madame," I said, "and as a soldier, had to obey."

I found myself defending him in spite of myself.

"The king's death was not the work of the soldier, was it?" she said, "but of the headsman."

"The soldiers guarded the scaffold," I said.

"This young Cavalier was among those who guarded the scaffold," she said. "Was that all? Being a soldier, what would you have had him do? Surely there is absolution on earth and in heaven for such a mistake as that."

"He does not repent, madame."

"Ah, my child," she said, "see what it is to be a Protestant; you have to be your own Supreme Tribunal, even when your conscience is on the Judgment-seat, and your own heart at the bar, to be broken by the sentence. Now, if you would only believe the Pope and the Church, whatever the unavoidable pain of the sentence, you would at all

events escape the torture of at once inflicting and enduring it."

"Alas, madame," I said, "can the sisters of Port Royal escape the torture of being their own tribunal? Can they believe a fact is a fact because a Pope says it? They distinguish, indeed, between fact and right; but are not rights really but facts of a higher sphere, if we only knew them? And as unalterable? We only want to *know* what is right, madame. It seems to me no decision on earth, or in heaven, can *make* a thing right, any more than it makes it true."

"My poor child," she said tenderly, "Heaven guide you. Only take care your heart does not get into the judgment-seat, and persuade your conscience that the very anguish of the sentence is a proof of its justice. Noble hearts have made such mistakes ere now. One, I think, very dear to thee and to me."

She was silent some minutes, and then said in a more cheerful tone, —

"He was silent, this young Cavalier. His character is perhaps rather grave?"

"It is the way of all the men of our nation who are worth anything, madame," I said. "Your countrymen have a natural eloquence. Feeling enkindles them into speech. With us it oftener fuses

men into silence. An Englishman who has no dumbness in him is not to be trusted."

She smiled.

"Ah, my friend," she said, "if I defend, you attack; if I attack, you defend. I will leave you to defend your own cause against yourself."

II.

Olive's Recollections.

ROGER brought back from Paris such an account of the life led by the son of the late king and his companions, as might perhaps have enfeebled Aunt Dorothy's prayers for his restoration, could she have believed it, which, however (having her belief much under the control of her will), she doubtless never would, on any evidence we could have brought. Of the Davenants he said little. But he had seen them, and from his tone I judged that the intercourse had done more to cheer than to sadden him. Sir Walter's face, he thought, looked somewhat lined with care; but, as far as I could gather, he saw no change in Lettice. To him she was the same he had parted from seven years before, the same he had held in his heart all the seven years through.

"Was she looking older?" I asked.

"In one way, not an hour," he said; "in another, seven years."

"Paler?"

"He could not tell; "her colour always came and went like sunshine; like her smile."

"As loyal as ever?"

"To the late king, and to royalty; yes."

"Graver?"

"They spoke of grave things. He thought, with all the old changefulness in her countenance, the calm beneath seemed deeper."

"Then she must be fairer than ever?"

"He thought not. She was the same."

And to him that was evidently the utmost he desired. If she had in any way changed, it had only been as he had changed, keeping parallel with him; therefore from him evidently no more was to be learned. Yet something in his interview had evidently strengthened him, like a new dawn of hope. Sir Walter, no doubt, would not hear of alliance with an adherent of "the Usurper;" yet he accepted, with scarcely disguised triumph, the glory England had won under the Usurper. A little more experience of what the Court of the young king was like to be; a little more proof of what free England could be; a little more of the hallowing touch of time on the new Power's new glories; perhaps the Title belonging to the Power once boldly claimed recognized by the nation; and in the end for the sake of the old England the new dynasty might be recognized.

So Roger hoped; and to him, therefore, the de-

bates in 1657, on the Protector's assuming the title of King, had a twofold interest.

The year 1656 closed, and the year 1657 began, stormily.

On the 27th of December my husband came to the house looking dispirited, and, catching up Maidie in his arms, he said to me, —

“I have a mind to sell all we have, and seek our fortunes in the wilderness, among the Indians.”

Then he told me the scene he had just witnessed, Annis Nye and Job Forster standing by whilst he narrated how the poor fanatic, James Naylor, had stood in the pillory in front of the Exchange, weakened by the terrible scourging four days before from Whitehall to the Exchange, while his tongue was bored with a hot iron by command of the Parliament “for blasphemy.”

“Twenty years have rolled away,” he said; “countless precious lives have been sacrificed, a dynasty displaced, the king and the archbishop executed, the Star-chamber destroyed; and here stands the pillory again in the open day, with fierce fire in the hearts of those in power, to carry out a sentence cruel as any of Archbishop Laud's, to the uttermost.”

“But the people?” I asked.

“As pitiful as in the days when Prynne, Bast-

wick, and Barton suffered in Palace Yard! Scarce an insulting word or gesture. While the cruel iron was at work, the crowd stood bareheaded, and Mr. Rich, the brave merchant, who had waited at the doors of the Parliament House imploring the members for mercy from eight till eleven this morning, held the sufferer's hand all the while, and afterwards licked his wounds."

"But they say the poor wretch was indeed guilty of blasphemy," I said. "His crime was at least very different from Mr. Prynne's."

"It was indeed mad blasphemy," he replied; "the madness of spiritual vanity veiling itself under some mystical notion that the homage was paid to Christ in him. The poor wretch suffered half-a-dozen deluded men and women to lead his horse into Bristol, scattering branches and garments before him, and crying hosannas."

Job, who was near, could not let the occasion pass.

"Take warning, Mistress Annis," he said, in a low voice aside to her; "this is what your Quaker inspiration leads to."

"I have need of warnings, Job Forster," she replied, "and so hast thou. This is what your tyranny over men's consciences leads to. This is what ambition has led thy Oliver Cromwell to; once

a man of whom George Fox had hope, and over whose soul the Friends have been very tender."

"The Lord Protector protests against this cruelty," said my husband.

"His work is not to protest, Leonard Antony," said she, "but to prevent. But he has been faithfully warned. George Fox hath told him what will come upon him if he heeds not; and George's warnings are not to be scorned. Before now, more than one who has despised them has come to a fearful end."

For once my husband was roused. "Annis Nye," he said, "you and your Friends are as unmerciful in heart as the rest. The voices that denounce God's lightnings for their own private wrongs are moved by the same spirit as the hands that heat the irons for the pillory. Verily ye know not what spirit ye are of. Denunciatory prophecies are the persecution of the persecuted." And he turned sadly away.

Aunt Gretel wept many tears when she heard the narrative of James Naylor's sufferings, afterwards completed by a second scourging at Bristol, the scene of his mad and blasphemous entry. But she reached the source of consolation sooner than any of us. Looking, according to her wont, beyond all

the middle distance which is the battle-field of the great national questions of churches and governments, and seeing in the whole primarily the Good Shepherd seeking the sheep and leading the wandering flock, she said, wiping her eyes, —

“Poor foolish creature! if Annis speaks right, he was once a humble and devout Christian. He had fallen deep and wandered far. Perhaps he will have to thank the good Lord that he has found the ways of the wilderness so cruel. Perhaps even now, if we could see, he is beginning to creep back, torn, maimed, and bleeding as he is, body and soul, to the feet of the Good Shepherd. Thou wilt not forget him, Leonard, when thou visitest the prison.”

My husband did not, and afterwards brought us word how, during his imprisonment in Bridewell, James Naylor came to true repentance, and published his confession of his fall, when “darkness came upon him, and he ran against that Rock to be broken which had so long borne him, and whereof he had so largely drunk, and of which at last he drank in measure again, praising God’s mercy in delivering him, and greatly fearing ever to offend again, whereby the innocent truth, or the people of God might suffer.”

After that the poor restored penitent's career was brief, but blameless.

Aunt Gretel watched it to the close with a tender pity. He survived his fall and punishment four years dying at the age of forty-four. And Aunt Gretel was wont to keep the record of what he spoke shortly before his death among her treasury of trophies of the triumph of God's good over men's evil. The words were these:—

“There is a spirit which I feel that delights to do no evil nor to revenge any wrong, but delights to endure all things, and hopes to enjoy its own in the end. Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exaltation and cruelty. If it is betrayed, it bears it; for its ground and spring is the mercies and forgiveness of God. Its crown is meekness, its life is everlasting love unfeigned; it takes its kingdom with entreaty and not with contention, and keeps it by lowliness of mind.”

And two hours afterwards, the brief journey, so full of bewilderment and pain and repentance, was over. To a heart burdened with the dishonour of that blasphemous entry into Bristol, the pillory in Palace Yard and in the City must, I think, have been a dishonour not bitter to bear, but rather one for which he would bless God who suffered him to suffer it. Perhaps those, his judges, who had in

their memories the dishonour of issuing and enforcing such a sentence, had also in their turn their sentences to suffer, for which they also afterwards learned to bless God.

For the wheel went quickly round in those days. Laud in the Star-chamber, Prynne in the pillory; the Presbyterians and Prynne in the Parliament, the archbishop on the scaffold: Naylor in the pillory; his judges in the prisons of the Restoration.

A quarter of a century accomplished it all. But no one saw the wheel turning. Each revolution, as it came, seemed the last. For there was a pause between each. And in the pause the people who were uppermost looked round on the earth, and shouted, "Now the Kingdom is come, and the world will stand still;" while the people who were underneath looked to heaven, and sighed, "Will the years of peace never come? O Lord, how long?"

But I think it a noble trait in the Quakers that, accused as they were on all sides of fanaticism, and strong as the temptation must have been to disown any connection with such a fallen man as Naylor, nevertheless, although they faithfully rebuked him in secret, they generously stood by him in his degradation, and did not leave him until they had brought him to repentance, and tenderly welcomed him back among them.

With James Naylor's torturing sentence the year 1656 closed. The year 1657 began with stratagems and plots.

Towards morning, on the night of the 8th of January, the drowsy voice of the bellman, speaking benedicites on our homes, and calling us to "hang out our lights," had just died away at the corner of the silent street, and his bell was faintly echoing in the distance, mingling with the dream it had broken, when a call at the door aroused us.

It was Job Forster.

His first words, as my husband opened the house-door to him (I listening on the stairs), were an alarming assurance that we need not be alarmed. In a minute I was wrapped in my mantle and beside them.

Job's face was haggard, and his eyes ringed with dark circles of anxiety.

"All danger is over!" he said. "The assassin has been taken after a hard struggle. He is in the Tower. Miles Sindercombe, an old comrade of mine," added Job with a groan; "one of those that were sentenced with me at Burford!" It was another attempt on the Lord Protector's life. Some time since the assassin (having received £1500 from the baser spirits among the Royalists for the purpose) had hired a room at Hammersmith, on the road by

which Oliver rode every Saturday to his Sabbath rest at Hampton Court, watching for an opportunity to murder him. But in vain. And at length this night the attempt was to have been made at Whitehall. At midnight the sentinel had smelt fire, a match had been found close to a basket of wildfire, the locks of the doors were discovered to have been picked, and all prepared for a conflagration, in the confusion of which Oliver was to have been assassinated. But it had been found out in time, the danger was averted, and the Protector had refused to have the city alarmed, or the trainbands roused. "But oh!" groaned Job, "Mistress Olive and Master Antony, think of what a pit I stood on the brink! Mutiny the first step; and the last, murder. No doubt, the poor deluded wretch went down easy enough after that first step. And I had taken the first!"

He was very gentle and subdued, and said nothing at breakfast. Not even Annis Nye's gentle "hope that the Protector would take warning at last, and see that the poor Friends' prophecies had some meaning in them," could rouse him. He only shook his head and said, —

"Poor maid! she has got to take her lesson by Burford steeple yet."

The excitement in the city that day was great.

It was one of the few occasions which I remember in which a strong and general display of personal feeling was called out towards the Protector.

The Parliament ordered a Thanksgiving Day, and numbers went to offer congratulations. One sentence of Oliver's reply Roger repeated to us, —

"If we will have peace without a worm in it," said the Protector, "lay we foundations in justice and righteousness."

Roger kept full of hope through all. This danger of death to its head, as with so many refractory families, had at last (he thought) roused the nation to gratitude.

The offer of the title of King followed. Roger believed the Protector would accept it. King was a name dear to the English people, who "love not change," and "love settlement and familiar words." King was a name known to the laws, "honoured and bounded" by the laws. Any *other* name, said the Protector, in comparison, was too "large and boundless." The *power* he possessed — and on that he suffered no debate; the end of all the fighting, he said, had been *settlement*. A Parliament voting itself to sit constantly, and debating everything from the nation's faith to the forms of governing — "debating three months the meaning of the word encumbrance" — "*committees elected to fetch men from the extremest*

part of the nation *to attend committees* set to determine all things," Oliver considered would never lead to "settlement." Between this nation and general "topsy-turvy" he had submitted to take his stand; and there, while he lived, whether honoured or reviled, he *would* stand, whether as King, Protector, or Constable, to keep the peace of the parish; "not so much hoping to do much good as to prevent imminent evil;" to "keep the godly of all judgments from running on each other;" to keep some men from the kind of liberty which consisted in "liberty to pinch other men's consciences;" to keep other men from such liberty as resulted in license or "orderly confusion;" to keep all Protestants from ruin; to keep England from becoming "an Aceldama." This the Protector regarded as the thing God had given him to do; and by whatever weapons, by whatever title, he was determined to do it; and then was ready, as he wrote to his son-in-law, to "flee away and be at rest," being meantime lifted above men's judgment by the consciousness of "some little sincerity in him." Roger said that the new work could have been better done under the old names; so much necessary change in substance being made more acceptable to the common people by the least possible change in forms (the principle, according to Aunt Gretel, on which Luther had carried out his

Reformation). And so, he believed, thought the Protector. But his son-in-law, Fleetwood, and so many of the best men around him, either considered the very name of king doomed with the dynasty which had abused it, or valued the forms of a republic as of the essence of liberty — that His Highness yielded what to him would indeed have been nothing more than a “feather in a man’s cap;” an adornment at no time sacred or precious to Puritan men for its own sake.

Thus the debate on the kingly title ended in the solemn inauguration of Oliver as Lord Protector.

It was on the 25th of June, in Westminster Hall, that the last great ceremonial for the Commonwealth, except the Great Funerals, took place. The old stone of the Scotch kingdom, the purple robe, the canopy of state, the sword, the Bible, the sceptre given by the Speaker of the Commons to be “the stay and staff of the nation,” into the hands that, as we believed, had been their stay and staff so long; the foreign ambassadors of all nations around him, they, at least, recognizing him openly as England’s ruler and deliverer; and, outside, the multitude shouting “God save the Lord Protector!” — the hearts of all men still aglow with the news of the great victory of Blake over the Spaniards in the harbour of Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe.

There was no lack of enthusiasm; nor, indeed, of colour and music. Some picture our Puritan times as draped in funeral black. The Puritan ministers had a very different impression of them as they bemoaned the glory and bravery of their people's attire; and Mistress Hutchinson's colonel, in "his scarlet cloak, richly laced," was not solitary in his splendour.

Music graced all the Protector's festivals. It was, I think, to him as to Martin Luther, *the* festive thing in the world. And the music of lofty and significant words was not wanting in the Speaker's address, or in the solemn prayer which followed.

Nevertheless there were not a few who, with our friend Dr. Rich, could not forget what the last great scene in Westminster Hall had been, when a king discrowned sat at the bar of his subjects, alone, yet defying their authority. And among such it was murmured ominously that there was one thing even the "murderers of his sacred majesty" did not dare to take — the crown which had fallen from the "anointed" head.

So the grand ceremonial ended, and all men went again to their work: the Protector to protect England and the Protestant Church against the world; the Parliament (as he hoped) to reform laws, "manners," and especially the Court of Chancery — "the delays

in suits, the excessiveness in fees, the costliness of suits — to see that “men were not hanged for six and eightpence, and acquitted for murder.”

And we to our humble work, each in his place. My husband went to his patients and his prisons. Roger, strong in trust in the Protector, and in hope for England joined the troops which were fighting the Spaniards with those of Marshal Turenne in Flanders. My father, on the verge of seventy, had withdrawn altogether from politics. Having as firm a faith in the triumph of Truth as Roger, he yet deemed the cycles wider in which she moved. Love with him was the reverse of blind. It was natural to him to see with painful clearness the faults of the cause dearest to him. Much as in many ways he honoured the Protector, he nevertheless deemed his government a beneficent despotism undermining the foundations of law. “Had the Protector been immortal,” he said, “a better government than his could scarce be. But Laws and Constitutions are remedies against the mortality of all men, as well as against the fallibility of the best men. Therefore I cannot rejoice in a rule which interposes but the heart and brain of one man between the nation and anarchy.”

So he turned from the whirlwind of political affairs to watch the calm rule of law in stars and

seas; and the wonderful circulation of life through all the animated world, as, according to Mr. Harvey's discovery, through the veins of those fearfully made bodies of ours. Through him we heard much of the proceedings of the Society of Art, and of such patriotic efforts as the rescue of Raphael's cartoons, by the Protector's desire. In promoting such works he hoped to serve England (he said) as an old man best might.

For if there was an idolatry among us in those Commonwealth days, it was that of England.

Patriotism with the nobler Commonwealth men was a passion and a religion; what love is to a lover, and loyalty to such a Royalist as Montrose.

It was England for whose sake Cromwell was content to be called a hypocrite and a despot, and to be a "constable," and a man worn to old age at fifty with care and toil.

It was the love of England which kindled the calm heart of the glorious blind poet, who then dwelt among men, to a fanaticism of passionate invective against all who assailed her.

To him she was "a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; as an eagle renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly

radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means."

"Thou, therefore," he wrote, "that sittest in light and glory inapproachable, Parent of angels and men. Next, Thee I implore, omnipotent King, Redeemer of that lost remnant whose nature Thou didst assume; ineffable and everlasting love! And Thou the third subsistence of Divine Infinitude, illumining Spirit, the joy and solace of created things! one tri-personal Godhead!

"O Thou that, after the impetuous rage of five blustering inundations, and the succeeding sword of intestine war, soaking the land in her own gore, didst pity the sad and ceaseless revolution of our swift and thick-coming sorrows; when we were quite breathless, of Thy free grace didst motion peace and terms of covenant with us, and having first well-nigh freed us from antichristian thralldom, didst build up this Thy Britannic Empire to a glorious and enviable height, with all her daughter-islands about her; stay us in this felicity; let not the obstinacy of our half-obedience and will-worship bring forth the viper of sedition, that we may still remember in our solemn thanksgivings how for us the Northern Ocean, even to the frozen Thule, was scattered with the proud shipwrecks of the

Spanish Armada, and the very maw of hell ransacked, and made to give up her concealed destruction, ere she could vent it in that terrible and damned blast. Hitherto Thou hast but freed us, and that not fully, from the unjust and tyrannous claim of Thy foes; now unite us entirely, and appropriate us to Thyself; tie us everlastingly in willing homage to the prerogatives of Thy eternal throne.

“Then, amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, some one may, perhaps, be heard offering in high strains, in new and lofty measure, to sing and celebrate Thy divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages; whereby this great and warlike nation, instructed and inured to the fervent and continual practice of truth and righteousness, and casting far from her the rags of her whole vices, may press on hard to that high and happy emulation, to be found the soberest, wisest, and most Christian people at that day, when Thou, the eternal and shortly-expected King, shalt open the clouds to judge the several kingdoms of the world; and distributing national honours to religious and just commonwealths, shalt put an end to all earthly tyrannies, proclaiming Thy universal and mild monarchy through heaven and earth; where they, undoubtedly, that, by their labours, counsels,

and prayers, have been earnest for the common good of religion and their country, shall receive, above the inferior orders of the blessed, the regal addition of principalities, legions, and thrones, unto their glorious titles, and, in super-eminence of beatific vision, shall clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss, in over-measure for ever!"

This was what ambition meant, and titles and crowns, to the nobler Puritan men in the days of the great commonwealth. This was what England meant, and patriotism. This was what made it so bitter to them to see sedition undermining all this glorious possibility; to see feeble meddling hands untwisting the cordage with which the good old ship had to be worked through battle and storm; so unutterably bitter to see good men blindly (as they believed) helping bad men to undo that glorious past, and render that glorious future, if not impossible for the world for ever, impossible for ages longer; and for England perhaps impossible for evermore.

"For if it should fall out otherwise — if you should basely relinquish the path of virtue, if you do anything unworthy of yourselves — posterity will sit in judgment on your conduct. They will see that the foundations were well laid; that the beginning — nay, it was more than a beginning — was glorious;

but with deep emotions of concern will they regret that they were wanting who might have completed the structure. They will see that there was a rich harvest of glory, and an opportunity for the greatest achievements; but that men only were wanting for the execution, while they were not wanting who could rightly counsel, exhort, enforce, and bind an unfading wreath of praise around the brows of the illustrious actors in so glorious a scene."

So he wrote whose hand could best have bound the unfading wreath of praise, whose vision, as he dwelt under the hallowing "shadow of God's wing," became prophetic.

But, meantime, Roger and the brave "labouring men" around him, who reached not to those clear prophetic heights, toiled cheerily on, not seeing the chasm which yawned between them and the glorious goal they deemed so near.

III.

Lettice's Diary.

JANUARY 1658. — For a twelvemonth now my father and I have been alone. The Usurper demanded the banishment of our king from France, and Mazarin and the French Court submitted to the indignity; an indignity, it seems to us, to all courts and all kings.

Walter accompanied the king to Bruges, and has scarce written to us since. My father and I seldom mention him to each other, but I know he is seldom absent from the thoughts of either of us. The only things which seem to interest my father now are the movements of our exiled Court, which he watches with a feverish solicitude, and the triumphs of the English arms by land and sea, of which he eagerly learns every detail with a mixture of patriotic pride and loyal indignation which it moves me much to see.

Last May, for instance, he told me how the French King Louis had come back from reviewing the united French and English troops at Boulogne, and how the French soldiers and courtiers could not

say enough of the soldierly bearing of those English horsemen and pikemen.

Roger saw Walter before he left France, and my father. But I did not see him again.

It was from Walter I learned of their interview.

"An act of sisterly loving-kindness, Lettice," said he, "to turn a Puritan battery on your brother!"

His tone was light, but not bitter, and he went on in a softened voice:

"He has a princely temper, Lettice, and bore from me what I would not bear from the king. But all the time he made me feel I lowered myself and not him by my words. 'Tis a thousand pities, Lettice, those gentlemen keep us out of house and home. I might have been worth something at old Netherby with Roger Drayton for a neighbour. But what is a fellow to do who has no choice but to amuse himself or kill himself? And to throw oneself against Oliver and his England is nothing less than suicide. Oliver is responsible, at all events, for the mischiefs idleness has wrought among loyal men. Do you know, Lettice," he continued, affectionately, after a pause, "who manages the old estates for us, and sends us their rents so regularly?"

"I have suspected," I said.

"I had been told," he replied, "and I asked Roger, and he could not deny it. He and Mr.

Drayton manage the estates as if they were our hired bailiffs. Roger himself paid the fine to the Parliament. But he made me promise never to let my father know."

I did not answer him. My heart was too full.

"Lettice," he exclaimed, "you are a brave maiden, and a good sister to me. Forgive me if ever I said anything ungenerous to you. I would not care to own for a sister the woman whom Roger Drayton loved, if she could forget him for another. He is the kind of good man it would be worth while to be like. If it were not too late — altogether too late for me," he added, despondingly.

"You know it is never too late," I said. "Oh, Walter, that is just what you might have been! So my mother thought."

"Even you cannot say might *be*, Lettice," he replied; "not even with Roger Drayton always by my side."

"No one can be like Roger," I said, "who can only be like him with some one always by his side."

"No," he replied, bitterly; "Roger is a man to be leant on, not to lean."

"He is a man to be leant on," I said, "because he *does* lean. On One always by his side, Walter; the only One who can be always with any of us;

the only One we can depend on always, and not grow weak, but strong in depending."

He said no more, but sat in silence some time, which seemed to me more like what I longed for in him than anything I had seen. And in the evening he took leave of me with the old kind way he had after our mother died. And for some weeks he was much with us.

But, soon after, the king was desired to quit France, and Walter would accompany him. It would be base, he said, to desert his master when these perfidious Courts and all the world abandoned him. My father could but faintly remonstrate. I ventured to ask if he was strong enough to go into that temptation. But he answered, gaily, —

"We shall have work to do, Lettice. There is promise of fighting. The Spaniard is to help us, and we him; and together we will bear you back to Netherby in triumph, proclaim amnesties and tolerations without bounds, and bring back the golden age."

But there has been no fighting; and since he left we have scarce once heard from him. And we know too well what that means, in a company where nothing good or great is really believed in; neither in God, nor man, nor woman.

February. — M. la Mothe is dead. And Madame,

when she has arranged his affairs, has determined to retire to a convent, there to pray for his soul, and to accomplish her own salvation.

She is somewhat distracted what Order to join. The ladies of Port Royal seem to her the holiest people in the world. But, at the same time, the condemnation pronounced by the Pope on this book of Jansenius, which they regard as so excellent, perplexes her.

Two years ago the world of Paris was set in a blaze by the "Lettres Provinciales" of M. Blaise Pascal, in reply to the Jesuits; and by the attack on Jansenius and Port Royal. These letters were said to combine the eloquence and wit of the most finished man of the world with the devotion of a saint.

Since then the war has waxed fiercer and fiercer between the Jansenists and the Jesuits. To a Protestant the controversy seems strange. Both parties seem to agree that the Pope can pronounce authoritatively as to doctrine. But the offence of the Jansenists appears to be that they deny his power to create facts.

But whatever the hinge of the controversy is (and in most controversies how insignificant the hinge is on which all nominally turns), the combatants seem to me divided by very real distinctions. I

judge chiefly from their weapons. The weapons of the Jesuits seem to be assertions, anathemas, and prisons; those of Port Royal eloquent words, and a most devout and blameless life.

Truth seems as sacred to them in its minutest expression as to the noblest of the Puritans. They *cannot* lie. They can be banished, imprisoned; they can die, if such is the will of God, who loves them, and of those who hate them. But they cannot solemnly declare before Him, they believe a thing true which they believe to be false. "Where is the Christian," Jacqueline Pascal wrote, "who would not abhor himself, if it were possible for him to have been present in Pilate's council; and if, when the question of condemning our Saviour to death arose, he had been content with an ambiguous way of pronouncing his opinion, so that he might appear to agree with those who condemned his Master, though his words, in their literal meaning, and according to his own conscience, tended to an acquittal? M. de St. Cyran says the least truth of religion ought to be as faithfully defended as Christ Himself. The feebleness of our influence does not lessen our guilt if we use that influence against the truth. Truth is the only real liberator, and she makes none free but those that strike off her own fetters, who bear witness to her with a fidelity that entitles them to be

acknowledged as the true children of God the true. Poverty, dispersion, imprisonment, death, these seem to me nothing compared with the anguish of my whole future life, if I should be wretched enough to make a league with death."

Noble Catholic Puritan woman!

Nevertheless Jacqueline Pascal's regulations for the little orphan girls whom they charitably train at Port Royal freeze my heart even to read. The poor little ones are to abstain from all kissing or caressing each other. Even in their jealously limited hour of recreation, they are to play, each alone, without noise!

And Thou hast been on earth, O Christ, tender and gracious, folding the little ones in Thine arms, and these holy sisters of Port Royal love Thee, and read the gospel of Thy birth and death, and think this is what pleases Thee!

The world was made by Thee, and the world knew Thee not. Alas, the Church which was made and redeemed by Thee, does she also know Thee so little!

What a surprise, what a rapture of surprise, when these Thy servants who, seeing Thee so dimly, love Thee so much, wake up and see Thee as Thou art, as (if they could but see it) Thou art *now*!

June 1658. — Dunkirk has been taken from the

Spaniards (chiefly they say by English troops), and has been given over to an English garrison. At last (my father writes), the blot of the loss of Calais is wiped out of the escutcheon of our country. All through those last months he had been watching the movements of the French and English forces with jealous interest. "That crafty Italian," he said, "(Mazarin) would overreach the Usurper yet. The French Court would use the help of England as long as they needed it, and as long as they could pay with fair and flattering words. And when the time came to pay in fortresses and solid territory, they would politely bow Cromwell and his pikemen out of the country."

But when we heard that the "Protector" had insisted on some of the fruits of the war being made over to England, and that the united armies were on the Flemish coast preparing for an attack on Dunkirk, my father's faith in the courage of our countrymen entirely got the better of his indignation against their politics; and he found several unanswerable reasons for being present at the seat of war.

June. — Barbe came to me to-day in tears. Sad news had come again from her kindred in the Piedmont Valleys. Protestant surgeons forbidden to live there; trade prohibited; public worship suppressed; a new fortress, from which insolent troops sally to

plunder and maltreat the people; commands to sell lands; dim rumours of a second massacre.

"And Monseigneur Cromwell," she said, "so busy with his wars and sieges, that there can be little hope he will have leisure to remember those poor forsaken ones! What hope is there? For beside the English, these sufferers have no friend or protector in the world."

July 3rd. — My father has returned.

"It was worth while to travel round the world," he said, "truly, to hear the shout of the English pikemen before the fight. Marshal Turenne could not say enough of their soldierly bearing. He asked what that shout meant, and he was told, 'They ever rejoice thus when they behold the enemy.' And to see the Spanish veterans driven back before them from post after post, on the sandy dunes by the sea, was a sight to make an old man young. For the old country *is* young, Lettice, as young as when she stood up alone against old Spain and her Armada! I would the Duke of York had not been on the Spaniard's side. He seemed as out of place as Condé. I scarce know the cause," he added gloomily, "which saves a man from being a traitor in fighting against his country."

"Then Walter was not there," I asked.

His brow darkened.

"Would to Heaven he had been there, on any side!" he answered fiercely. "Better fight for any cause than fight or work for none, but lead a sluggard's life, a Court-jester's, a Fool's, with the recreant idlers around the king."

He was silent for some minutes, going to the window and watching the melancholy dropping of the water from the urn of his old enemy, the moss-green nymph.

Then he turned and said hastily, —

"Drayton has found his service better rewarded than mine. Not a gentleman in England or France but might be proud of such a son as his. Firm as a rock, and as calm, who could guess the dash and fire that are in him, unless they saw him head a charge, as I did? 'Tis a labyrinth of a world, Lettice," he added, "and sometimes a man is tempted to throw down the clue in despair, and let the Fates take him and his where they will. Old Will Shakspeare saw to the bottom of it all a hundred years ago — 'An unsubstantial pageant, the baseless fabric of a vision.' Shakspeare and the Bible! There is nothing else worth reading or thinking of."

Then Roger was there; and has come out of the battle unscathed! Otherwise my father would have told me.

But I know not whether they met or no.

July 4. — I told my father of Barbe's sad tidings of the Vaudois.

"That will all be set right, you may feel sure," he replied, grimly. "There was talk enough about it in the midst of all the fighting. There is nothing that this base and cringing court will not do to court the alliance of that Traitor. I laugh when I hear these French courtiers talk of their ancient nobility, and the glory of their Royal House. Our kings and princes, cousins by blood of their own, may creep about as beggars and outcasts in any poor trading town that is not afraid to take them. But when 'my lord Fauconbridge' comes as 'ambassador from this brewer of Huntingdon, Louis the glorious monarch, descendant of a line of glorious monarchs (up to Nimrod, for what I know), talks to him bareheaded; and Mazarin, the Cardinal, conducts the rebel and heretic to his door with more than royal honours. I am sick of the whole hollow pageant, kings, statesmen, churchmen, all."

My father's indignation had led him far from Barbe and the Vaudois.

"But I may tell Barbe the poor mountaineers will be saved?" I asked.

"Yes, yes!" he said impatiently. "There was a Latin letter about the oppression of these people, written, they say, by this Mr. John Milton, whom

foreigners seem to think another Cicero or Virgil, the 'wisest of Englishmen,' and what not; why I know not, except that he writes good Latin, and they cannot read English, so that of course they cannot know anything about the wisdom of Englishmen. And the king was all attention, and the fox of a Cardinal all sympathy with those poor plucked geese, of whose fate he was (of course) in entire ignorance. And the Duke of Savoy is to have an exhortation; and the massacre is to be forbidden."

But Barbe when I told her was altogether overcome. She burst into tears, and clasping her hands, exclaimed, —

"To our dying day we will pray for the great heart that in the midst of wars by sea or land could remember those few poor persecuted brothers in the far-off mountains, and would not rest until they were rescued. To our dying day we will pray for him and for the great English nation. Mademoiselle will pardon, if I wound her loyal feelings," she added, remembering what the name of Cromwell was to the Cavaliers, and kneeling for a moment and kissing my hand in apology; "English politics are so difficult for us to understand. To you this Monseigneur may be such as you cannot approve, but to us poor Protestants, he is a Protector, Deliverer, Brother. Can we err in praying for him?"

"You can scarcely err in praying for him, or for any one, Barbe," I said. "God will not give wrong because we ask wrong. If one of your little brothers, being thirsty, asked you for a drink from a cup of poison, you would smile and put it aside, and give him the cup of water he wants instead."

IV.

Olive's Recollections.

THE taking of Dunkirk in June 1658, and the relief ensured to the threatened Christians in the Valleys, was a brilliant moment in that stormy time.

All England triumphed. The dishonour of the loss of Calais was undone. The Protestant Commonwealth had avenged the disgrace which sank so deep into the heart of the poor dying Popish Queen.

Once more the Lord Protector had shown that the Protestant Church was not a heap of disjointed fragments, but a living body, which felt with a pang of actual pain an injury inflicted on its feeblest member. A living body to feel, and a living power to avenge!

England was no more an island (except in as far as her seas and ships were her impassable trench and impregnable walls against the world), but, as in the old days before the Reformation, one of the great commonwealth of nations, nay, rather the queenly protector of the great commonwealth of Protestant nations.

Nevertheless this sense of unity and strength

seemed but the passing consciousness of a waking moment. The rest of the months seemed too much like a restless feverish dream. At least so they appear to me as I look back. How far the great calamity of that autumn has to do with darkening the whole year in my memory into a valley of the shadow of death, it is hard to say.

The clouds gathered and gathered again, thick and dark throughout the year, over the Commonwealth and over the Protector's household.

The prophets of doom saw sorrows enough break on Oliver's head to satisfy them that their predictions were just.

On February the 4th, his last Parliament was dissolved, with words which seem to me noble and mournful as any with which a great man ever uttered his grief that his people would not understand him, and that he had to tread his way alone.

A fortnight before he had opened it with words of stern warning, yet of hope: — "I look upon this to be the great duty of my place," he had said, "as being set on a watch-tower to see what may be for the good of these nations, and what may be for the preventing of evil." Then warning them of the dangers which environed England and the Protestant nations, he said, — "You have accounted yourselves happy in being environed with a great ditch

from all the world beside. Truly you will not be able to keep your ditch, nor your shipping, unless you fight to defend yourselves. If you shall think this is a time of sleep and ease and rest, — we may discourse of all things at pleasure, there is no danger, — I have this comfort to Godward; I have told you of it.”

And now the warnings were fulfilled, the hope had vanished, and with stern voice he said: —

“I had very comfortable expectations that God would make the meeting of this Parliament a blessing. That which brought me into the capacity I now stand in was the petition and advice given me by you. There is not a man living can say I sought it; not a man nor woman treading upon English ground.

“I can say in the presence of God — in comparison with whom we are but like poor creeping ants upon the earth — I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside, to have kept a flock of sheep.” “I thought I had been doing that which was my duty, and thought it would have satisfied you. But if everything must be *too high or too low*, you are not to be satisfied.” (Theologies puffed up too high on airy heights, above plain “virtue and honesty, justice, piety,” and all the sober work of men; disorders plunging too low.) “Yet you have

not only disjointed yourselves, but the whole nation; which is in likelihood of running into more confusion in these fifteen or sixteen days that you have sate, than it hath been from the rising of the session to this day; that some men may rule all! And they are endeavouring to engage the army to carry that thing!

"These things tend to nothing but the playing of the King of Scots' game (if I may so call him), and I think myself bound before God to do what I can to prevent it.

"The King of Scots hath an army ready to be shipped for England; and while this is doing, there are endeavours from some who are not far from this place, to stir up the people of this town into a tumulting. Some of you have been listing persons by commission of Charles Stuart. And if this be the end of your sitting, and this be your carriage, I think it high time an end should be put to your sitting. And I do dissolve this Parliament. *And let God be Judge between you and me.*"

The Protector, at least, was not afraid to appeal to the highest tribunal. Royalists, Quakers, Fifth-Monarchy men, good men of various kinds, threatened him with the judgment of that bar as a terror. He invoked it as a refuge.

So his last Parliament went its way, leaving him

to bear the whole burden alone for the rest of the journey. It was not long. Six months, and he should stand at the tribunal to which he had appealed. He had appealed to the Highest; to the Highest he was to go.

The blows of death fell thick on those he loved; — on the few who steadfastly trusted and honoured him. In the August before, Blake had died, the sea hero, coming home from his victories. He had died off Plymouth, in sight of shore.

Could we have seen it, the Protector also was in sight of shore; the shore he longed for, and did not fail to reach.

In February one of his young daughters was widowed, the Lady Frances, bereaved in the first year of their marriage of her husband, young Mr. Rich; a widow at seventeen.

In April died the good Earl of Warwick, one of the noblemen who had honoured Oliver from the first; Mr. Rich's grandfather.

In July and early August the shadow drew closer. The Lady Claypole — his dearest daughter Betty — lay sorely smitten at Hampton Court.

The tumults around the palace and the kingdom, for the time, must have seemed faint, far-off echoes to the father's heart, compared with the sufferings

and fears of the sick-chamber, where his daughter lay dying.

Yet these were not few.

General Lambert, his old friend and comrade, plotting to throw him out of one of the windows of Whitehall, under pretence of presenting a petition; "knowing," Roger said, "how open the brave heart which no treachery could make suspicious was to cries for redress of wrong."

Colonel Hutchinson, Independent and Republican, also his old friend and comrade, while shielding his life by warning him of this plot, piercing his heart, belike, deeper than the assassin's knife, by deeming the "affection" and trusting words and tears with which the Protector thanked him (almost beseeching the return of the old friendship) mere "arts" and "fair courtship."

The Presbyterians coldly holding off from him, or persistently conspiring with the Cavaliers.

Lord Ormond in London in disguise, organizing a Royalist insurrection.

The tract, "Killing no Murder," warning him that the "muster-roll" of those who thought it doing God service to kill him, was "longer than he could count," and some of them "among his own friends."

Fifth-Monarchy men raising the standard of the

"Lion of the tribe of Judah," against what they called his tyranny.

George Fox and the Quakers, in awful letters of denunciation, "laying on him the weight" of all the persecution of the Friends throughout England, inflicted under the authority of his name, although, as far as I know, never by his order.

Aunt Dorothy wrote that deliverance must be at hand, for she understood that a "synagogue of Portuguese Jews had been suffered to pollute the land by celebrating publicly their anti-Christian rites in London."

Annis Nye said little. "But Thomas Oldham, Margaret Fell, George Fox, and Edward Burrough have warned Oliver," she observed, "that if he listen to lies against the innocent, and fail to release the Friends from prison, God will suddenly smite him, and that without remedy."

"Not so easy, Mistress Annis," replied Job, "for a mortal man, protector or king, to know what are lies, and who are the innocent, nor to set all the wrongs right in a day. Not so easy, it seems, even for the Almighty, who has been ruling all these ages. I thought once it could be done all in a day. But I had to learn otherwise, and so wilt thou. Seems to me one half of the godly grumble at the Protector because they think he wants to be al-

mighty, and the other because they want him to be all-seeing."

Meanwhile, the ambassadors of all nations thronged to pay homage to the man who made all men honour England, whether she honoured him or not. Through those summer months after the victory and capture of Dunkirk, the streets were brave with coaches of ambassadors and princes, from France, Denmark, Austria, and the ends of the earth.

The strong hand was still on the helm, the clear keen eyes were still on the waves and stars, keeping watch for England, whether she acknowledged it or not.

No man saw the hand relax its grasp, or the eyes waver from their purpose, for all the noise and clamour, or the aiming at his life. He saw all, and calmly put aside the danger when too near; but never turned from his steadfast watch, steadfastly piloting the good ship on.

Until at last, for a brief season, the brave heart gave way. His dearest child was dying; and for fourteen days the Lord Protector could attend to nothing save the dying moans and tears of that bed of anguish. For her death was slow, and approached through terrible pain, so that her anguish was more than her father could bear to see.

George Fox wrote to her some words of sympathy and faithful counsel: —

“Be still and cool in thy own mind and spirit from thy own thoughts, and be stayed in the principle of God in thee, that it may raise thy mind up to God, and stay it upon God, and find Him to be a God at hand. The humble, God will teach His way. The same light which lets you see sin and transgression will let you see the covenant of God which blots out your sin and transgression, which gives victory and dominion over it. For looking down at sin and corruption and desolation, ye are swallowed up in it; but looking at the light which discovers them, you will see over them: that ye may feel the power of an endless life, the power of God which is immortal; which brings the immortal soul up to the immortal God, in whom it doth rejoice. So, in the name and power of the Lord Jesus Christ, God Almighty strengthen thee.”

Good words, though no new truth to the daughter of him who had written, years before, to General Fleetwood, his daughter Bridget's husband: “Faith, as an act, yields not grace; but only as it leads to Him who is our perfect rest and peace.” But when they were read to the poor suffering lady, she said they “stayed her mind.” She had need of all the stay that could be given. And her father was not

one to keep one word of comfort from her fainting heart because he could have spoken it better, or because it dropped from lips which had denounced him.

On the 5th of August the long watch by the bed of anguish in the mournful palace-chamber was over. The weary body and spirit were at rest. The Lady Elizabeth lay dead.

The Protector roused himself once more to take up the burden of the State, which, while she suffered, he had been, for the first time, unable to bear. Attempts at assassination, insurrections, had not interrupted his work a day. But for fourteen days even England was forgotten, as he watched the slow death agonies of his child.

Now that she was dead, he arose and girded himself once more for his warfare.

Another fourteen days, and he would put his armour off and lie down for the long rest!

The sources of his strength were not altogether hidden from us. We heard that a few days after his daughter's death he called on one to read him from the Bible the words: "*Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in*

all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

"This scripture did once save my life," he said, "when my eldest son died, which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did."

"It's true, Paul," he went on, after a pause, "*you* have learned this, and attained to this measure of grace, but what shall *I* do? Ah, poor creature, it's a hard lesson for me to take out. I find it so." Then, looking on, he read aloud: "*I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me;*" and his heart seemed comforted, for he said: "He that was Paul's Christ is my Christ too."

He was standing near the end of the arduous journey, though neither he nor any knew it; and from the height he looked back over the many battle-fields of his life; from this last sorrow to that first, to the grave of his first-born, and all the promise buried with him in the quiet old church at Felsted.

A day or two afterwards George Fox met him, riding at the head of his life-guard. Oliver stopped and listened, and spoke to him about the sufferings of Friends. Always so ready to listen to men he believed good and true, denounce him as they might, — he bade George Fox come to his house. But on

the morrow, when George went to Hampton Court to wait on him, the physicians deemed the Protector too ill to see him, and the Quaker went away and never saw him more. He thought that he had felt a "waft of death" go forth against the Protector when he met him at the head of his guard. It would be long before George Fox found again one in kings' palaces, lord of England, and dread of Europe, who would "catch him by the hand," as Oliver did, regardless of discourtesies and denunciations, and say, with tears in those searching and commanding eyes, "Come again to my house. If thou and I were but an hour of the day together, we should be nearer one to the other. I wish no more harm to thee than I do to my own soul."

Perhaps, as George went away from the door so freely opened to him, the memory of these welcomes and farewells came back to him. And he may have thought that in prophesying death to the Protector, he and his Friends had uttered rather a promise than a threat. But I know not.

On Friday, the 20th of August, uneasy rumours began to spread of his Highness's sickness. On the following Tuesday, the 24th, the symptoms were worse. It was tertian ague, and the doctors had him removed to Whitehall for drier air.

The anxiety in the city grew speechless; brief

questions to any who knew of his state; brief unsatisfying answers. And then prayers, fervent, frequent, constant, in churches, in cathedrals, in palaces, in homes; from Owen and Goodwin in a room at Whitehall adjoining that in which the Protector lay. Prayers so fervent, that those who poured them forth from hearts made eloquent by hope and fear, mistook this inward glow for a responsive divine fire, and assured others that their offerings were accepted, that their petitions would be granted, and the precious life be spared to England yet.

But through all those days Roger, who had returned from France, spoke scarce a word, 'save in answer to our questions about his Highness's health, when he came from the palace. He looked pale as death himself, and well-nigh as rigid. The longings in his heart for Oliver's life were so fervent, that to himself his own prayers and those of other men seemed in comparison as if struck with a death chill. "I cannot pray, Olive," he said to me once. "When I look up to heaven I seem to see nothing but a great silent, stately Company, making a path between them for him, straight to the Throne, and waiting to see him pass."

Once when coming from a place where many had met in prayer, broken by tears and sobs, I said to Roger: "Surely God only suffers this to show

England what he is. The people begin to understand him now! They will never forget!"

"They begin to understand now," he said. "Wayward children do begin to understand many things by a father's death-bed."

The word fell from his lips like a tolling bell. I knew well he could not have uttered it, if he had felt any hope.

Annis Nye was quieter than even her wont, and very gentle, during those days. Once having heard how his Highness's "spirit was stayed," she said a thing which drew my heart to her very closely.

"Maybe the words of the Friends are being fulfilled otherwise than we looked. Maybe the angel is smiting, not Oliver, but only the fetters and the prison doors, to set him free."

Roger brought us word from time to time of sacred words from the sick-chamber.

"The Covenants were two — Two, put into One before the foundation of the world."

"It is holy and true — it is holy and true — it is holy and true! Who made it holy and true? The Mediator of the Covenant."

"The Covenant is but one. Faith in the Covenant is my support. And if I believe not, He abides faithful."

Solemn, slow, broken utterances, not to man, but to God.

And then to his wife and children weeping by his bedside —

“Love not the world. I say unto you it is not good that you should love this world.”

It was becoming “*this*” world, no longer “the” world to him; but one of two worlds. For a little while longer *this* world to him, soon to be “*that* world” still surging in tumult below, where he had fought the good fight which is now over for ever.

“Children, live like Christians; I leave you the Covenant to feed upon.”

Then (belike, passing through a chaos of darkness and doubt, such as seems to edge round and usher in every fresh creation of light), “three times, with great weight and vehemency of spirit” —

“It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.”

And afterwards (the light beyond the darkness being reached) —

“All the promises of God are in *Him* yea, and in *Him* Amen, to the glory of God by us — by *us* — in Jesus Christ.”

“The Lord hath filled me with as much as-

surance of his favour and his love as my soul can hold."

"I think I am the poorest wretch that lives; but I love God, or, rather, am beloved of God."

"I am a conqueror, and more than a conqueror, through Christ that strengtheneth me."

So through the weary days and nights he passed nearer and nearer to the end, the tumult in men's hearts growing deeper, when on the Monday, the 30th of August, the fearful storm of wind which none who heard can ever forget raged over the land, as if it were over the sea; beating back carriages on the roads, as if they had been boats on the rivers; raging, wailing, rending, destroying, as if the angels who held the "four winds of the earth," had relaxed their hold, and set the wild creatures all free together.

But to us who loved Oliver and the Commonwealth, that tempest seemed but the simple and natural accompaniment to the tumult in our souls, a response to the storm in men's hearts; simply a fitting dirge to the life that went out with it.

And meantime, through the storm, his Highness was praying thus:—

"Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched sinner, I am in covenant with Thee through grace. And I may, I will, come to Thee for Thy people.

Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good, and Thee some service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death. Lord, however Thou do dispose of me, continue to go on and do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on Thy instruments to depend more upon Thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample on the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy people too. And pardon the folly of this short prayer. Even for Jesus Christ's sake. And give us a good night if it be Thy pleasure. Amen."

He knew it, then, and *he had felt it*; it had pierced his heart, that those he deemed good men should mistrust him, and be glad that he should die. *That* arrow had gone home; yet with the barb in his heart it could not make him think evil of those that launched it, nor leave them out of his prayers.

The last night came. It was the 2nd of September, the eve of his day of victory, the day of his "crowning mercy," a Thanksgiving Day in England since the battle of Worcester. The voice was low now, and the words not always to be understood.

"Surely God is good. He is — He will not —"

And often again and again, "with cheerfulness and fervour in the midst of his pains," —

"God is good."

This was the key-note to which "all along" he kept recurring, —

"Truly God is good; indeed He is."

"I could be willing to live to be further serviceable to God and His people. But my work is done. Yet God will be with His people."

Through the night much restlessness, yet much inward rest. Broken words of holy consolation and peace, "self-annihilating" words, words of kingly care for England, and God's cause there; these among the very last.

Some drink being offered to him, with an entreaty to try to sleep, he answered, —

"It is not my design to drink or sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone."

And on the morrow he had fallen asleep, and was gone.

Amongst us who were left behind, the Thanksgiving Day was turned into weeping. But his long day of thanksgiving had begun. The long night of his faithful watching of the wars and storms for England was over; the clear eye, the steady hand, were gone from the helm. The day of victory,

and rest, and coronation, had dawned for him at last.

For, as his chaplain Mr. John Howe said: "The greatest enemy we have in the world cannot do us the despite to keep us from dying."

V.

Notes by Magdalene Antony.

THE first public event of which I have any recollection, or rather the first time I can clearly recollect having a glimpse beyond our own little world in London and Netherby, was one warm evening in August 1658.

My mother was coming home with me and Dolly from the house of Mr. John Milton in Bird-Cage Walk, past Whitehall, when we noticed many people clustering like bees around the doors of the palace; and I remember my mother lifting up her finger, and saying to Dolly and me, who were discussing some of our small affairs eagerly, —

“Hush, children; the Protector is there, in sore sickness.”

And then I remember noticing that the groups of people through which we were passing were all speaking low and walking softly, as people do in sick-chambers, and every now and then looking up anxiously to the palace-windows.

I recollect a hush and awe creeping over me, and a guilty feeling, as if Dolly and I had been chidden for talking in church.

And all spoke in murmurs, and no one said anything I could hear distinctly, until, as we were leaving the space in front of the palace, from the last point at which we could see the windows, my mother turned back to look. It happened that at that moment two men were standing close to us, and one pointed to the palace, and said: "It was *there!* the murderers set up the black scaffold there, just under those windows. I see it now; and so, I trow, does *the murderer* on his sick-bed inside. And so will more than one when the black pall comes out at those doors. The day of vengeance always comes at last."

The words went through me like a shudder. They were spoken in a deep hissing whisper, more like the gnashing of teeth than speaking.

I did not venture to tell my mother of them. I did not know if she had heard them. I never told any one of them. They lay seething and working in my brain, as so many perplexities do in children's minds — half-shaped, half-shapeless, altogether voiceless, like ghosts waiting to be born — and tormented me greatly.

For in a few days the terrible black train did leave those palace-doors. My mother took us to see it. And my mother wept, and Aunt Gretel, which

was not so wonderful because Aunt Gretel would weep as easily at anything that moved her as we, children. But my father wept, and even Uncle Roger; and Annis, the nurse, was stiller than ever. And there was great silence and quiet weeping among the people as the black train passed from the Palace to the Abbey. It was a great day of mourning; and my father told us we must never forget it. For all the people of England that day had lost their best friend. But all the time I could not get it out of my head that somebody had called him a murderer, and had called this day of mourning a day of vengeance.

It puzzled me exceedingly, more especially as Dr. Rich, the learned clergyman who lived in the little house at the end of our garden, and Austin his son, our play-fellow, would not, I knew, have anything to do with the procession; and, indeed, would never call the Protector anything but Mr. Cromwell. And Annis, our nurse, never called him anything but Oliver Cromwell (although in her that was not remarkable, since she called even our father and mother Leonard and Olive); and I had heard her say often, no man was to be called a "Protector" who let hundreds of poor Friends languish in prison. Also Aunt Dorothy, I knew, would not come to stay with us on account of something that had to do with

the Protector. All which things made a great tumult and chaos in my brain.

But I must confess that the result was, that we grew up with a great tenderness for the Royalist side.

There was little in the shows and titles of the Commonwealth to enkindle the imaginations of children.

In all the fairy tales and romaunts and poems we knew, there was no such prosaical title as Lord Protector. Indeed, we agreed that the Bible history itself became much more interesting after the judges were changed into kings, however wrong it might have been of the Jews to wish for the change. We felt that the threat of his taking our "sons" to be his horsemen and charioteers, and our "daughters" to be his cooks and confectionaries, would certainly not have deterred us from demanding a king. We thought it would be undoubtedly more glorious to be my Lady Confectionary to a queen, or my Lord Charioteer to a king, than to be anything in the sober untitled train of a protector. Queen Esther was to us a far more romantic personage than Deborah, who was only a mother in Israel. And on Sundays, when the sermons were very long and we were allowed to read the Bible to keep us from going to sleep, we found great solace in expatiating

in Shushan the palace, among the courts of the gardens with mysterious splendours of fine linen and purple — beds of gold and silver — pavement of red, blue, white, and black marble — silver rings and pillars of marble, between which were to be caught glimpses of fair ladies in robes fragrant with perfumes — of a crown royal and a golden sceptre.

But besides these enchantments for our earthly imagination, the Royalist cause, as expounded to us by Austin Rich and his brothers, laid hold on our hearts by the irresistible charm of suffering majesty. Over the story of the young orphan Princess Elizabeth, dying in the castle where her father had been imprisoned, with her head pillowed on the Bible she loved, we wept many tears. The young Duke of Gloucester, who had declared to the king just before his execution that he would let them tear him in pieces rather than accept his brother's throne, was one of our earliest heroes.

And, above all, the name of King Charles was sacred to us. Our mother always spoke of him with a tender respect. We knew how he had worn the portrait of the queen his wife next his heart, and only parted with it with his life. We thought it quite natural that Archbishop Ussher, seeing from the roof of Lady Peterborough's house the king's coat laid aside and his hair bound up for the fatal

stroke, should have been able to see no more, but been led fainting away. Moreover, Austin Rich had sundry pathetic stories of Episcopal clergymen plundered and their parsonages pillaged by Parliament troopers, because they would not deny the king or refuse to pray for him.

So that we were quite prepared to welcome the next great public event which made an impression on us after the funeral of the Protector. This was the entry of King Charles II. into London. A king was actually coming through our streets! Our own king; who had passed his youth in exile! He was coming to be crowned in the Abbey, and to reign over us. And if a king, then of course the queen would come, and princes, and princesses, with all the splendours belonging to them.

We were sorry our kindred did not seem quite happy about it. But we had been told to speak respectfully of the king, and we had heard the minister in one of the churches pray for him. So that, on the whole, Dolly and I came to the conclusion that it would not be very wrong for us to enjoy the magnificence as much as we certainly did. Especially as Aunt Dorothy (who, our mother told us, was as good as Aunt Gretel, and Aunt Gretel we well knew was better than any one else) was coming to

town for nothing else but to see the face of His Majesty and do him honour.

The previous festivities had excited our expectations to a high pitch. There had been heralds, in coats of many colours, proclaiming the king at different places in the streets; and crowds shouting, "The king, God bless him!" and bells breaking out into peals of joy; and bonfires — we could count thirty one evening from our upper windows — along the road from Westminster to the City, in the streets, on the bridges, by the water-side.

So at last the great festival came. Banners hidden for years waving from the windows all down the streets; fountains flowing with wine; bells clashing all together in sudden peals, as if they had gone wild for joy; and all the people as mad for joy as the bells — some shouting, some weeping; strangers greeting each other like old friends. And such dresses! Old Cavalier wardrobes brought to light again; and some ladies and gentlemen in the new French fashions, with dresses gilded, slashed, tasselled, plumed, laced; every one trying to show their loyalty by going as far from the old Puritan plainness as possible, in materials as rich as could be purchased, and of every colour of the rainbow. We thought it almost as splendid as Shushan the palace in the days of Esther the queen. Trumpets, bells, drums,

songs, wild shouts; colour and music everywhere, Mayday everywhere,—in dresses, in banners, in the budding trees, in the blue skies; all the city, all the world seemed to us gone wild with joy.

And Aunt Dorothy, the soberest and gravest of all our kindred, as wild as any one; crying out, "The king, God bless him!" kissing Dolly and me again and again in a way which surprised us exceedingly, as we were not aware of having done anything remarkably good; and even at bed-time the caresses exchanged between us usually went no further than our courtesying and kissing her hand, and being told to be good children.

And then the king!

On horseback, as a king should be; in gorgeous apparel, smiling and bowing right and left, as if he felt we were all friends; acknowledging every courtesy with the easy grace natural to him.

And as he passed by, Aunt Dorothy actually sank down on one knee and clasped her hands as if in prayer, while the tears streamed over her face; and we thought we heard her murmur, "Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace." For she told us the salvation of England had come.

So the king went on to his palace; and the loyal lords and ladies followed him in their coaches, brilliant with jewels and smiles. And Aunt Dorothy,

Dolly and I looked on, when suddenly, while the procession was pausing for a minute, one of the loveliest of the ladies turned towards us; and when she saw Aunt Dorothy, her face, which was graver and paler than most of those in that gay company, broke into smiles and into a sudden glow, and she seemed looking on beyond us, and then her eyes came back and rested on us again, a little sadly.

Aunt Dorothy exclaimed, —

“Lettice Davenant!”

And I looked, and loved her face at once, and yet wondered. For our mother had talked to us of her as the brightest creature in the world; and we had always pictured our loveliest fairy princesses as like what our mother had told us of Lettice Davenant, with eyes like diamonds, and teeth like pearls, and a colour like fresh roses, and a brilliant changing face, with a flash and play like precious stones about it.

And now she sat there quietly dressed, unlike the ladies round her; bedecked with few jewels; with a sweet, calm face, rather like the good women in New Testament pictures, than a princess in a fairy tale.

So she also passed on, following the king to the palace. And the people rejoiced, and sang and feasted far into the night.

We were wakened from our first sleep by sounds of revelry and wild songs echoing through the streets. Strange sounds to us.

We crept close to each other, Dolly and I; and I said "Dolly, do you think it was as good as the Book of Esther?"

But Dolly confessed to being a little disappointed. The king in the fairy tales was so different from other people, she said; you always knew him from any one else, even when he was dressed like a beggar. How, she could not quite tell; perhaps his face actually shone, and his clothes, instead of being only shone upon like other people's.

But our king was dressed like a king in a fairy tale, there was nothing to complain of in that; and yet, if Aunt Dorothy had not told us, we might not have known him from the gentlemen with him. We agreed that it would be convenient, since the faces of real kings did not shine, that they should always wear crowns. Otherwise one might make mistakes, which would be such a pity.

Perhaps, when our king was crowned, however, it would be all right.

But we concluded that it certainly was a very delightful thing to have a king of our own, whether his face shone, or whether he was a head and shoulders taller than other men or not. It made every

one dress so beautifully, and seem so glad, and set all the bells and trumpets going so gloriously. And we hoped very soon there would come also the queen, and the princes and princesses.

And then the world would be something like fairy-land indeed. Our father and mother, and Uncle Roger and all the good people, would of course be rewarded, and made happy all the rest of their days, when our king found them out, as he would be sure to do in time. Of course, they were not expecting to be rewarded. On the contrary, they would be exceedingly surprised when the king found them out, and embraced them and made them sit on his right hand. The good people in the fairy tales always were. But there was sure to be no mistake in the end. The good people always had their due when the true prince came. And it was not to be thought of that England was to be worse governed than a kingdom in fairy-land.

The next week we were still more satisfied that we had entered on this fairy world. For as Isaac, Dolly, and I were passing Westminster Abbey we heard an unwonted sound issuing from it, and crept in to listen.

Then, for the first time, we listened to the organ, with the chant of the choristers. But we no more thought of its being an earthly instrument, made of

wood and metal, than of the golden streets of the New Jerusalem being made of gold like one of our coins.

The wonderful sounds rolled up and down the aisles, and wound in and out among the arches, and wreathed the old stone pillars, and seemed to lose themselves in far-off shrines and mysterious endless recesses like those in a forest, and then to come back again changed and intertwined with earlier echoes to mingle with the new tides of music that kept streaming forth; until we found that all the while the wondrous tones had seemed wandering at their own sweet will, they had been building a temple within the temple — a temple of melody within the temple of stone. And the Abbey was no more a sculptured edifice, but a living body with a living soul. And when this temple was built, angels came and sang in it — voices such as we had never heard on earth — clear as bells, and free as winds, without a touch of the struggle and sadness in them which common human voices have.

Thus Isaac, Dolly, and I walked home, with the gates of paradise all open around us.

The next morning we crept out again to listen if these heavenly gates were open still.

But on our way we met a noisy, riotous crowd, dragging along a bear which was to be baited in

the Spring Gardens. Isaac said "baiting" meant that it was to be torn in pieces by dogs for the amusement of the people, after killing and gashing as many dogs as it could, meantime, in its own defence. This was an amusement which the Protector had not permitted. The thought of it closed the gates of paradise to me, at least for that day.

VI.

Olive's Recollections.

THEY laid him in the Abbey among the kings.

For two years the dust of Tudors and Plantagenets was honoured (so Roger thought) by the neighbourhood of the mortal part of the man who had served England as any of her kings might have been proud to have served her — had loved her, as we believe, more than home or life, or even the esteem of good men — had made her greater than any king or prince had ever made her, from Alfred to the Elizabeth whom he called "that great queen."

And then, in the September after the Restoration (by order of the king, who sold Dunkirk to the French, and spent the money like the prodigal in the parable), the noble dust was taken out of its resting-place, with the remains of the aged mother, and that daughter Elizabeth Claypole, whom the Protector had loved so dearly; and of Blake, the great admiral, who had made the name of England a renown from the shores of Italy and Algiers to Teneriffe and the western islands of the Spanish

main, to be cast contemptuously into a pit in the neighbouring churchyard of St. Margaret's.

I think, when he was gone, most good men in England — at least most Puritan good men — felt something was lost our generation was scarce likely to recover. The Scottish ministers said that God's goodness had marvellously caused true piety to flourish more under this usurper than under her rightful kings; "turning bitter waters into sweet by a miracle." And so thought Mr. Richard Baxter; acknowledging, moreover, that he believed the Protector, misled as he had been, "meant well in the main."

Good Mr. Philip Henry (who kept the day of the late king's death as a fast day) wrote, that though during the years between forty and sixty "the foundations were out of course, yet, in the matter of God's worship, things went well; there was freedom and reformation."

Mistress Lucy Hutchinson acknowledged that he had much natural greatness, and well became the place he had usurped, and that "his personal courage and magnanimity upheld him against all enemies and malcontents." And Mr. John Maidstone, his faithful "gentleman and cofferer," wrote (when nothing but dishonour could come to any for honouring him): "In the direst perils of the war, and the

high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in others." And he described him thus: "A body well compact and strong; his stature under six feet (I believe two inches); his head so shaped as you might see it both a *storehouse* and a *shop*" (full for every need, ready for all occasions), "a vast treasury of natural parts; his temper exceeding fiery (as I have known), but the flame of it kept down, for the most part, or soon allayed, with those moral endowments he had; naturally compassionate towards objects in distress, even to an effeminate measure, though God had made in him a heart wherein was left little room for fear. *A larger soul, I think, hath seldom dwelt in a house of clay than his was.*"

But he was gone. And all the people in England who thought they could govern England better than he had governed her, were at liberty to try.

They did try, for a little more than a year. And at the end of that time the whole nation, distracted to madness from end to end by the disorders they brought about, threw itself at the feet of Charles the Second, in a frenzy of loyalty, without conditions, simply entreating, like a child wearied with its own wilfulness, to be forgiven and governed and kept quiet, yielding every precious right — the fruit of our forefathers' blood and toil — into his hands,

content, if he had been strong, to be made as servile as he pleased; ready, alas! he being not strong, but weak and profligate, to be made as base as (for the time) he could and did make it.

"Such," said Roger, "was the Aceldama from which that strong faithful arm had saved us."

"Such," sighed my father, "was the end of the most beneficent of despotisms that could not be immortal."

Roger never ceased, during the few months of the Commonwealth, to do all he could to carry out what he believed would have been the Lord Protector's wish, doing his utmost to serve my Lord Richard, the new Protector, and, after his resignation, to keep order and discipline in the army. But he worked with little hope. During all the times of trial before or since, I never saw him so downcast and desponding as then.

When once the Restoration came his spirits seemed, strangely, to rise again.

He had done his best; and the worst had come. The hopeless struggle without a chief was over, and henceforth he, and those who thought with him, must gird on a new courage, not to contend but to endure. I well remember how, on the evening of the day of the king's entry into London, he came into our parlour, and unlaced his helmet, and quietly

ungirding his sword, laid it on a shelf behind the great Family Bible.

He said nothing, but the action spoke; and we understood, and also said nothing.

Then he left the room, and after a time came down, with every vestige of the old armour of the Ironsides gone, in the plain dress of a Puritan gentleman, and sitting down, he took Maidie on his knee, and began to talk to her cheerily.

It overcame me altogether to see him so, for I knew it meant that he had given up all hope for himself, and well-nigh for England, and the tears fell fast on my sewing. He saw them, and gently setting Maidie down, he came and sat down close by me, and said, —

“Let us thank God, Olive. The old army has been true to itself, and to him who made it what it was, to the last.

“We were gathered on Black Heath to-day, thirty thousand of us; enough to have swept the king and his courtiers, and London and its citizens, into the Thames. We had done more than that before, I think, with fewer of us. And we know, most of us, that this day is as our last; the last of the old army he made. Many of us see nothing left to fight for, and will go back quietly to farm and home, to honest toil and trade; that is, if they

will let us: for there are not a few of us that look for a halter rather than a home when the king enjoys his own again in security. They will hardly trust us together in force again. The discipline which won Naseby and Dunbar never wavered. But we let the royal party pass quietly, as if the Lord General himself had given the word of command. And that, I think, is something to give thanks for. It would not have been well to tarnish his memory by disorders he would have reproved."

After that, the great army of the Commonwealth died away, as Roger had expected, and was heard of no more except when aged yeomen and tradesmen, on village greens or in quiet city homes, now and then enkindled, as they spoke to each other of Naseby, Dunbar, Worcester, and Dunkirk, into an enthusiasm strange to the next generation, who had only known them peacefully labouring in the field, in the workshop, or at the forge.

But the bones of the Protector had not yet reached their last resting-place. On the 3rd of January 1661, the anniversary of the "martyrdom of His Sacred Majesty" eleven years before, the body of the "great prince" was once more disinterred, with that of Bradshaw, hanged throughout the day on a gibbet at Tyburn, and at night thrown like that of a dog into a pit at the foot of the gallows.

It was a marvellous proof of the just judgments of God, *some* of the Royalists thought, slow but sure.

Roger only said, when he could speak of it at all, which was not for long, "*After that, have no more that they can do.* They have done the worst. And how little it is that even the basest vengeance could add to the dishonour of the dust, and the worm, which awaits what is mortal of us all! The distance between Tyburn and the royal tombs in the Abbey is little indeed, measured from heaven. Nor will it take longer time from the one than from the other to hear the trumpet when it sounds, and to obey its summons."

"But England is dishonoured by the deed."

"I trust not," he replied; "or not chiefly by *that* deed. The men of England may be dishonoured that they did not acknowledge him living. But no grave in England can dishonour him dead, or can take his dust from the faithful keeping of his native earth; nor, I think, can all men may do keep the day from coming when England shall feel that not one spot only, but every inch of English earth is made more sacred by his feet having trodden it, and by his dust being mingled with it."

Little indeed can human vengeance add to the dishonour of death, when once death is past.

But alas, on this side, how much is possible to human cruelty!

As victim after victim proved, led forth to the ignominy and the protracted anguish of the traitor's death, patiently giving up their souls to God amidst such agonies as the torturer's knife could inflict.

Some were in the prime of life and strong to feel; others aged and weak to bear. But I never heard that any of the ten who so suffered dishonoured either themselves, what they deemed "the good old cause," England, or the God who sustained them, by one unworthy word or moan.

The savage punishment of treason had never been inflicted once during the Commonwealth. It was suffered eleven times in the first year after the Restoration. It came back with the May-poles, and the beautiful dresses of many colours, and courtly manners.

The king was present at some of these executions, He went from them to listen to the beautiful heavenly music in the Royal Chapel; or to other music, not heavenly, in the palace.

But the people grew weary of this soon. It was feared that if these executions were too often repeated, the minds of the Commonwealth might once more become confused about the enormity of the crime, illogically forgetting it in the enormity of the

punishment. And it was recommended they should not be continued; at all events, not so near the royal residence.

But amidst all the restorations — which to us seemed not going forward and upward, but backward and downward — there was one which brought me some peaceful and hallowed hours.

This was the restoration of the old Liturgy.

There was comfort in creeping into some quiet corner of the Abbey, or of the great churches of the city, to join in the old familiar sacred words.

It was rest to kneel in silent adoration, and be certain one's heart would not be turned aside from lifting itself up to God, by any allusions to the triumphs or the reverses, the wrongs or the revenges, of to-day.

It was joy, in the *Te Deum*, to lose sight of divisions and factions, and with the glorious company of apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs, the holy Church throughout all the world, to praise Him of the majesty of whose glory all the earth is full.

It was strength to stand up, and say with the Church of all ages and lands: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty; and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord; in the forgiveness of sins, in the

holy Catholic Church, and in the resurrection from the dead."

To stand up above the graves, and under the heavens, and say this to God; in the words I used in my childhood, and Lady Lucy, and so many of our holy dead all their lives, and the Church for so many ages; words which had outlived so many wars, and which flowed from calm depths so far beneath them all.

VII.

Lettice's Diary.

DAVENANT HALL, *June* 1660. — The country seems in a delirium of delight to see us back again, and to have a king once more.

The usurper, or the people who followed him, must, one would think, have made England very wretched, that the restoration of her old state should drive her well-nigh wild with joy.

At Dover, where His Majesty landed, and all along the road to London, sober men and women knelt and sobbed out blessings on him! Old men thanked God they saw this day before they died! Mothers held up their children to look at him, that they might be able to carry on to children and grandchildren the tradition of this glorious day!

Arches of triumph across the sober old streets; banners from the windows, mad huzzas from the sober crowds, in whose costume tarnished relics of old Cavalier gaieties struggled to kindle the Puritan sobriety into colour. Oh, the thrill all through the heart of the old English shout of welcome and triumph, the old English cheer! No wonder Marshal Turenne asked what it meant at Dunkirk.

Dear sober, solid, silent old England, when she goes wild, she does it with a will. Bells, bonfires; dumb, patient crowds waiting, well content, for hours, but for the moment's sight and the moment's shout of welcome. The attempts to utter this joy in speeches and processions, so quaintly stiff and clumsy and inadequate that laughter and tears are kept in close neighbourhood all the time, so delightfully inadequate to utter the welcome and delight in the deep, dumb ocean of the nation's heart.

So glad, so crazy with joy, to see us back again! Patient, blind, hopeful, wilful, loyal old mother of us all; and why?

Eleven years ago she suffered her king to die on the scaffold; and this king, I think, is scarce like to be better.

It is strange to be made so much of as we are by all the neighbours here. No one has been very glad to have us for so many years. And now we are all heroes and heroines, we who have been with the king in his exile. They cannot hear enough of what we did and suffered in foreign parts, and of the bearing of the royal family in their adverse fortunes.

And, in truth, we have come rather soon to the end of what we like to say about His Majesty.

Yet His Majesty also cannot fail but be swept on with the joy and hope of the nation.

Surely, surely the very welcome must be ennobling to him so welcomed. The very love and trust of a whole people, such as this, must inspire His Majesty to be worthy of the feeling he inspires; must consume in its pure fires all that we had fain see consumed of the past; must enkindle in his heart a returning glow of kingly patriotism, which shall hallow it into an altar on which all falser and baser fires shall be extinguished.

I had scarce thought we should have had so much to regret in leaving France. We had always felt it so completely a land of exile, and had always so hoped our sojourn in it must be drawing to a close, that it was not until we had to sever them we learned how many ties had slowly been weaving themselves around us, and binding our hearts to the strange country.

Even the lofty rooms in the old palace, which had seemed such mere prison-chambers when we entered them; even my father's old enemy "the stone woman, who could never empty her pitcher," seemed to have acquired a kind of right in us.

Madame la Mothe made a vain attempt at softening the parting with congratulatory little pleasantries.

They broke down into tears and tender reproaches, her heart being much moved at the time, moreover, by the death of her nephew, for the sake of whose young widow she consented to remain in "the world" to manage the estates.

"Thou shouldst, indeed, have a heavy weight on thy conscience," she said to me, "with all thine innocent looks. My poor nephew would have been so happy with thee, if thou wouldst have wedded him; he would never have gone to the wars and left this poor little helpless widow to my guardianship. Then my nephew, still happily surviving, and thou making his life good and pleasant, I should at last, perhaps, have had leisure and grace to make a thorough conversion. I should have gone to Port Royal, and thou, being brought in this way more intimately acquainted with the exemplary piety of those saintly ladies, wouldst once more have reconsidered thy heresies, and at last taken that little step — that one little step which divides thee from the True Fold. Thus I should have made my own salvation and thine; and thou the salvation of my nephew. So all might have ended like a romance composed for the edification of youth. And now see the contrast! I remain in the world, bound to it by this poor young widow (with whom otherwise I have no fault to find); thou returnest to thine un-

believing England. My heart feels desolate for thee, as if I lost thy mother and a second youth in losing thee. And, alas, these gentlemen the Jesuits threaten to overwhelm Port Royal. Thus everything goes on to the wrong end. Or, if the romance is ever to end right, there must be another volume, another volume not yet even begun, quite out of my sight; which Heaven grant there may be! Heaven grant there may be, my child, here or hereafter. For me, certainly, not here; but, if Heaven wills, I pray for thee, here and hereafter also."

Barbe was sorely distracted between me and her seven sisters and brothers. At length she decided, with many tears, that duty bound her to her family.

"My father is an excellent man, mademoiselle, also a great politician, and religious as a pastor; but in the affairs of the earth, mademoiselle, he is a child, blameless — but a child.

"And there are these seven other children. I call them still children, because I am five years older than any of them, and because they were children when I left them to attend mademoiselle, and gain a living for the rest. The youngest is not yet eleven. The oldest is scarcely twenty. He is a student, learned and 'eloquent (my father says) as Demosthenes.' But, unhappily, not endowed with those talents which earn bread. As yet I alone have

developed these inferior capacities; transitory, but, alas, so necessary in a world where one's corn has to be baked before it can be eaten, and one's flax to be spun before it can be worn. What then can I do? If my father should at last obtain that appointment he is always expecting from some appreciating statesman, or one of the children should develop these inferior gifts for earning bread; and if then mademoiselle should not, in the splendour of the establishment she was born to and so well deserves, have forgotten her poor little French Huguenot maid —"

But here Barbe's eloquence broke down, and she wept.

"I shall never forget thee, Barbe," I said, "nor the ten thousand lessons of self-denial, and sweet temper, and cheerful diligence I have learned from thee."

"But mademoiselle will then have ladies for her attendants," sighed Barbe, who, in spite of all I could say, had formed very exalted ideas of our destinies.

"Never one with such fingers as thine, or with a better heart," I said.

"Then," sighed Barbe, as she delicately arranged my hair into long tresses, "it might yet be. History, my father says, is more romantic than the romances.

I might even yet arrange again this luxuriant hair."

"Scarcely luxuriant then, Barbe; or, if luxuriant, gray, and only fit to be soberly bound beneath some simple coif in some homely fashion, quite unworthy of thy skilful fingers. You found three white hairs yesterday."

"Sorrow, not years!" she said, quietly, "Mademoiselle has allowed me sometimes to know how it was she understood our sorrows so well."

"Sorrows partly, and partly years, Barbe," I said. "This Book tells us the years are leading us on to the end of the sorrows, and the sorrows training us to enjoy the harvest of the years."

And we shed tears together as she read the inscription I had written on the large French Bible I had bought her as a souvenir.

"Ah, mademoiselle," she said, "I shall always hear your voice reading it; your voice and my mother's, the kindest I have ever known, or shall ever know till I meet you both again."

I saw Mistress Dorothy in the crowd at the entry into London. She seemed half-kneeling — an unspeakable mark of honour from her dear inflexible Puritan knees. She looked a little aged; but her face was all aglow with enthusiasm. And with her

were two fair rosy children, not like city children, who gazed at me with wide-open wondering eyes; those of the elder dark and flashing, like Dr. Antony's; the other has Olive's eyes. I think she has told them something of Lettice, little wild Lettice Davenant. They looked pleased, and yet so puzzled.

My eyes went past them, but in vain. None else of the old Netherby friends was there. Alas, I fear, they are not all swept into this tide of welcome.

Roger's "king," I fear, lies silent underground. Like mine. His, buried in state (they say), among the kings he supplanted, at Westminster. Mine, laid in silence among the kings, his fathers, at Windsor.

The great gulf between us is hardly bridged over yet.

Netherby is empty. Mr. Drayton and Mistress Gretel are in London with Olive.

This old place is in such order as if we had left it yesterday; which is more, I think, than any other of the exiled Cavaliers can say of their restored homes.

I know how. I see the hands that did it all, at every turn, in every nook, in every flower in my mother's terrace-garden kept so neat and trim; in

every grove and arbour of the Pleasaunce, where we used to ramble in the old days.

Ungrateful that I am! I could almost wish they had left it neglected. I could almost wish the roses had run wild, that the flower-beds had returned to the procession of forest weeds, the smooth turf run up into long wild grasses, that the terrace-walls were green and moss-grown, that Nature had been suffered to run into the elfish kind of revels she likes to play when she finds her way once more into gardens stolen from her domain, that Time had been suffered to weave the tangled garlands wherewith, as with a lavish funereal pomp, he is wont to strew deserted places which have been dear to human creatures.

So much has run wild, has run to seed, has blossomed and shed its bloom since then! So much is gone for ever and for ever, it is almost more than I can bear to find these familiar things so much the same. — Ungrateful, diseased thoughts! I will not give them a minute's voluntary entertainment.

Gone? *Nothing* worth keeping has really gone; not one blossom worth living has really faded. They have not faded, they have fruited. They have fruited, or they are ripening into fruit, sunbeam by sunbeam, shower by shower, day by day. Rich summer-time, golden-harvest-time of life! God forbid

that I never speak "pulingly" (as he said), as if spring faded and not ripened into summer, or dawn died instead of glowed into day.

And most of all this is so with thee, mother, mother! with thee, whose lost presence makes garden, terrace, chamber, so sacred and so sad. I know it—I know it! Thy dawn was full of tears, and has glowed indeed into the day. I know it; and when I think of thee, of thee and Harry, I rejoice in it.

As to myself, I cannot rejoice at it. Nor need I try. Thank God, I need not freeze my heart by vainly trying to make sorrow not sorrow. The sorrow is my share of it now, and the joy is to come *through that*, through opening our hearts patiently to that, not by closing them and trying to make some wretched artificial sunshine out of the shadow of the cloud. The cloud is sent to bring us not light, but shadow and rain. Behind and after it the sunshine, when the time comes for that!

I thought I saw Job Forster among the thirty thousand on Blackheath; the terrible thousands which kept France and Spain and Europe in awe all these years, and kept us out of England. Why they let us come back at all is the wonder. For they were not broken nor disordered, but compact and

strong as ever. And I scarce think *they* share in the welcome the nation gives us. I think most of us breathed more freely when that dread host was passed.

I thought I saw Job Forster among them. Yet when I went into Netherby, there he was at the old forge, working away as steadily and soberly as if he had never left it, instead of roaming all over the world at the beck of Oliver, beating army after army — English, Royalist, Irish, Scottish, Spanish, on field after field.

I could scarce trust my eyes. I was half afraid to speak to him, fearing lest he should give me but a grim greeting as a fragment of the "Malignant interest" wherewith they have dealt somewhat sternly. Beside him stood a lad in a blacksmith's apron, helping him at the forge, with a curious perplexing half-resemblance in his face, which perplexed me like a strain of some familiar tune interwoven into strange music.

But before I passed, Job looked up at my footsteps, and seeing me, I suppose he forgot Naseby, Worcester, malignancy and everything, for he threw down his tools, and striding forward, took my hands in both of his, black as they were, and shook them till the tears ran down my face, mostly for gladness, and a little for the pain in my fingers.

"Mistress Lettice, my dear," he said, "I am right glad to see thee back again. Come how ye may," he added, to guard himself against any political concession — "come how ye may."

Then Rachel came out at the door of the old cottage, her dear quiet face little aged since I saw her at Oxford, when she made her way through the royal lines to find her wounded husband in the prison. Little aged, yet somewhat changed; ripened, not aged; less of outward suffering, more of protecting motherliness in her ways and looks and tones. And she, too, came forward and courtesied, a little more mindful of good manners, and bade me welcome, in words like the Book of Ruth, to my country, and my people, and my father's house.

How sweet it was! The old English country tongue; the old English welcome, shyly suppressing twice as much pleasure as it uttered; so sweet that I could say nothing, but could only take her hands in mine, and seek refuge in the cottage, and sit quiet, with my head on her kind old heart, until the crowding memories and joys and sorrows and love and loss which stifled each other into silence found their outlet in a burst of tears.

It was soon over. And then a pale woman with a meek still face came forward at Rachel's bidding from a dark corner of the room, where she had been

sitting sewing, and filled me a cup of fresh water from the little runnel outside the window.

When she came close to me she smiled, and made a little reverence. And the smile brought back for a moment the youth into her face. And I knew at once she was Cicely, Gammer Grindle's grandchild. Then it all flashed on me in an instant. I had found where the strain of the familiar tune came from; the lad outside was her son, and by Divine right, if not by human law, Sir Launcelot's heir.

I shook her hand, and she lifted it to her lips and kissed it with a grace which brought back the day when that pale woman had danced round the May-pole, laughing and rosy, and light-footed and light-hearted, with so many looking on whose faces we should not see again.

I shall get used to it all in time. But now scarce a familiar old sight or sound but would move me to tears, if I did not repress them; as I do, of course. For I would not have the people think I came back among them with a sorrowful heart, or one left in foreign parts.

And how can they understand how the paths they have been going up and down upon, and the doors they have been going in and out of every day these eleven years, to me are doors into a buried

past, and paths trodden by feet that tread our earthly ways never more?

Yet I think Rachel understands it, for as I was coming away she said, —

“There has been One walking all the way with us all, Mistress Lettice, all the time. And He knows all.”

It was just the strengthening word I wanted to turn me, from the past to the Ever-Present, from the dead to the Living, for all live unto Him. A glimpse into the heart of the Son of man, I think, such as Rachel Forster has, gives those who have it a vision into the hearts of all men.

To my father our home-coming is well-nigh unmixed delight. He is as frolicsome as a boy, full of schemes for re-uniting and reconciling the whole world, by means primarily of ale and roast beef. And pleasant it is to hear his great hearty voice ringing through the hall and court, among the stables, giving orders about the stud, the farm, the hounds; waxing warm over Roundhead insolence with the old servants; cracking jokes with the young ones; mistaking people for their grandfathers and grandmothers; and making his way out of all his entanglements by chivalrous old courtly compliments and hearty old English jokes; and through all never ceasing to be the courtier and the master, and

scarcely ever losing his temper, except now and then with the cool mockeries of Roland, and the reckless carriage of Walter and the courtiers of the New Court whom he brings to see us. Indeed, it needs an occasional refreshing of my father's recollection of the days of the Roundheads to keep his loyalty to the Old Court very warm towards the new.

VIII.

Olive's Recollections.

AUNT Dorothy was much with us during the months after the Restoration.

She was marvellously gracious and gentle all that time. She believed that we had suffered for our political sins, and must be convinced by the irresistible demonstration of failure of the vanity and folly of our conduct; and she was too magnanimous and too confident to demand confession. It must now be but too plain to us, she thought, that we had erred grievously, and she only hoped our retribution might not be too grievous. For herself, she forgave us our follies on the ground of their failure. The king himself, who had so much to forgive, had written a letter from Breda offering indemnity for the past and liberty of conscience for the future, and should she be more rigid than His Majesty? far from it. She would take the whole family under her wing, and protect us as far as lay in her power from the consequences of our transgressions.

She had even some thoughts of extending toleration further than she had once deemed possible. Mr.

Baxter deemed a church government possible which might include "Diocesans," Presbyterians, and Independents; and a Liturgy which might be joined in by moderate — very moderate — Arminians, and moderate (she feared lukewarm) Calvinists.

She scarcely saw her way to it. If any one could accomplish such a thing, Mr. Baxter might. Some indulgence ought, perhaps (if possible), to be extended to the Prelatists, on account of their loyalty. Some concessions might perhaps be made to the Independents (among whom she did not deny were some godly men), to prevent their straying further into the wilderness of the Fifth Monarchy party, the Quakers, and the Anabaptists. Much was doubtless due to charity. And when once the true Presbyterian order was established, the gates of Zion rebuilt, and her walls — though in troublous times — it was to be hoped that the sober beauty of her fair towers and palaces would root out the prelatical passion for Babylonish splendours, and the Independent predilection for new ways and "holes and corners," from the hearts of all that beheld.

For that the day of Presbyterian triumph had at last dawned on this distracted England, she would not be so faint-hearted as to doubt.

Had not His Majesty three times signed the Scottish Covenant? Had not the divines who went to

see him at Breda been suffered to listen (unsuspected of course by His Majesty) to his private devotions, until their souls were moved within them. Had not the excellent Countess of Balcarres told Mr. Baxter how satisfied the French Presbyterian ministers were with his religious dispositions? Had not Monsieur Gaches, pastor of Charenton, himself written to Mr. Baxter how His Majesty attended and appreciated the French Protestant services? Had not Mr. Baxter himself been appointed one of His Majesty's chaplains? And if this were insufficient ground for confidence, what honest English heart, what loyal soul could dare to doubt that a young king with such bitter lessons behind him, with such glorious hopes before him, trusted and welcomed as never king had been by the nation, brought back (as she believed) mainly by the agency of covenanted soldiers, and the prayers and loyal endeavours of Presbyterian pastors and their flocks, would be faithful to his oaths, more especially when to be faithful to his oaths was to be faithful to his interests? Was there not, moreover, a solemn Conference actually going on among the divines of the various parties at the Savoy?

Had not Mr. Baxter been encouraged to state all the Puritan objections to the Prayer-book to the full — to propound any number of "queries," and

elaborate any number of alterations; and had he not embraced the privilege to the full, sparing not a vestige of the Babylonish vesture? Had he not, moreover, in a fortnight, drawn up an amended Liturgy, correcting all the mistakes of the ancient Prayer-book, and supplying all its omissions? — a form which, if there must be forms, might satisfy the most scrupulous. Had not even the learned Dr. Gauden, who had issued that most affecting Portraiture of His Sacred Majesty, called the Icon Basilike, shown himself most unfeignedly courteous and conciliating, and hopeful of an accommodation?

All these considerations set Aunt Dorothy on such a lofty pinnacle of hope, that she suffered even Annis Nye to call her Friend Dorothy without open rebuke, and was suspected of meditating a scheme which might even embrace Anabaptists ("if they would only rebaptize each other, and not blaspheme other people's baptism") and Quakers, if they would hold silent meetings.

The moment of triumph was not the moment for reproaches. Aunt Dorothy, triumphing over us all in fact, tolerated us all in prospect.

I confess it was sometimes a little difficult to be thus loftily forgiven; and, indeed, I remember once, when in a moment of unparalleled magnanimity Aunt Dorothy loftily extended her toleration to Dr.

Martin Luther, saying that, "although she could never think him justified about some things, yet she believed after all he was right in the main, poor man, and great allowance must be made for one so recently set free from Popery," — even Aunt Gretel herself was roused to say privately to me, "Olive, dear heart, I believe if St. Paul were to appear she would tell him that, after all, she believed 'he was right in the main, although she never could think he was justified in shaving his head at Cenchrea, but great allowances were to be made for any one only just set free from being a Pharisee.'"

There were, indeed, a few symptoms which ruffled even Aunt Dorothy's calm loyal confidence. It was unfortunate, she could not deny, that (in consequence of certain legal technicalities) Mr. Baxter was deprived of his living, the former vicar displaced by the Commonwealth having at once entered on it as his right. But these little perplexities were sure to be soon set right. All transferences of authority were sure at first to press unjustly on some.

In the meantime Mr. Baxter had been offered a bishopric. He had declined the bishopric, until the Comprehension for which the Conference was labouring was fully accomplished. But the bishopric had been offered, the chaplaincy accepted; and who could doubt that in time, if he wished, his living

would be restored; the old vicar being, moreover, scarce able to preach at all, and sixteen hundred communicants having sent up a request from Kidderminster for the restoration of Mr. Baxter.

It was also unfortunate, she admitted, that many hundred "painful preachers" had been suddenly removed from their churches on the same grounds as Mr. Baxter; but the Protector and his triers (said Aunt Dorothy) had set an ill example, and ill fruit must be expected to grow of it.

Then there were some severe dealings with books. Mr. John Milton's "Defence of the English People" was burned at Charing Cross by the public hangman. But at that, said Aunt Dorothy, no loyal person could wonder, seeing that therein he had dared to speak of the late king's execution as a great and magnanimous act. Properly regarded, it was indeed a singular proof of His Majesty's clemency that Mr. Milton's book only was burned, and not Mr. Milton himself.

The public burning of the Covenant was a more doubtful act. This she saw with her own eyes at Kidderminster, in the market-place before Mr. Baxter's windows. The king had signed it, and sworn to it, and there were excellent things in it. But there was no denying it had been used to seditious ends. Some (concluded Aunt Dorothy, pressed hard for a scrip-

tural example) had ground the brazen serpent to powder because it had been made an idol. And she had little doubt, with reverence she said it, Moses would have done the same with the very Tables of the Law if they had been similarly desecrated. The Ark itself was not spared, but suffered to fall into the hands of the Philistines when Israel would have used it like a heathen charm.

Nevertheless, with these arguments I believe Aunt Dorothy herself was not easy; she was driven to them by Job Forster, who had asked her one day, with a grim irony, how she liked the new doings in Scotland, the execution of Argyle, the forcing of Prelacy and the Prayer-book on the unwilling Presbyterian people, and the burning of the Covenant in Edinburgh.

But as the months of 1661 passed on, and the Conference stood still, whilst Mr. Baxter and the other deprived ministers were not restored, Aunt Dorothy's lofty confidence gradually changed into an irritable apprehension, which took the form of vehement indignation against all who refused to believe in the favourable issue of events, or who, as she believed, stood in the way of it. And it often moved me much to see how, with ingenious fondness, like a mother with a wild son, she laid the blame on the servants of the house, on the riotous company

or grudging hospitality of the far country, on the very management of the home itself, rather than on the royal prodigal.

A large portion of this diverted current of wrath was poured on the Queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, who held open celebration of Roman Catholic rites in her palace.

To any information concerning the appropriation of apartments in the king's palace to the king's "lady" or "ladies," she refused absolutely to listen. "It is written," said she, "'Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people.' But," she added, "if any one were to blame, it was the party that had exposed him to the seductions of his mother Jezebel, and the idolatrous foreign court. Indeed, who can doubt the pureness of the king's Protestant principles, which (even if his morals had been a little contaminated) had resisted Papistical enticements so long?"

The scene in Whitehall, where the king, under a canopy of state, laid his hands on those who were brought to him to heal them of "the king's evil," while the chaplain repeated the words, "*He laid His hands on the sick and healed them,*" was indeed a sore scandal to her. It made her very indignant with the chaplain, who had misguided his Majesty. "Mr.

Baxter must be careful," she said, "how he conceded too much to the Prelatical party."

But the chief force of her wrath was directed against the Queen-mother, who, she said, had ruined one king and one generation of Englishmen, and was doing her best to ruin a second; against the Queen-mother and the Fifth-Monarchy men.

To the insurrection of Venner, the "Fifth-Monarchy" wine-cooper, in January 1661, she attributed the delay and disappointment in the Conference. How was a young king, kept in exile so long, to learn in a moment to distinguish between the various sects, or not to be induced by such fanatical outbursts to believe the evil advisers who persuaded him that outside the ancient Episcopal Church lay nothing but a slippery descent from depth to depth?

Still she hoped on from month to month, or protested that she did, although her hopes made her less and less glad, and more and more irritable, until she tried all our tempers in turn. All except Roger's. His patience and gentleness with her was unwearied.

"I know what she is feeling, Olive," he said. "I went through it all between the Protector's death and the Restoration; hoping against hope. It strains temper and heart as nothing else does. She will

have to give it up, and then she will be all right again."

"Give up hoping, Roger?" I said.

"Give up hoping against reason, give up trying to persuade oneself down hill is up hill, and evening morning," he said, "and going into the cloud coming out of it; giving up trying to see things as they are *not*, Olive. Seeing things as they *are*, and still hoping, that makes the spirit calm again. Hoping, *knowing*, that the *end* of the road is up the heights, not into the abysses; that the evening is only a foreshadowing of the morning that shall not tarry; that the sun and not the cloud abides. That the Lord Christ," he added, lowering his voice to tones which, soft as a whisper, vibrated through my heart like thunder, "and not the devil has all power in heaven and in earth, and that His kingdom shall have no end."

"Your hope is for the Church, Roger, but not for England."

His face kindled as he answered, —

"Not for England? Always for England! — for England everywhere! Now; in the ages to come; on this side of the sea, on the other side of the sea; in the Old World, and in the New; under the bondage of this profligate tyranny, which must wear itself out, as surely as a putrefying carcass must de-

cay; in the wilderness, where our people are beginning a story more glorious, I believe, than all the heroic tales of old Greece."

For at that time, whilst doing all in his power by promoting concord amongst Christians to aid Mr. Baxter and the ministers who were seeking for "healing and settlement," and whilst sharing my husband's labours among those in prison, Roger began to look with a new interest on the tidings which came to us from the Plantations, especially those concerning Mr. John Eliot, who was labouring to convert the poor Indian natives to Christianity. In this he and Aunt Dorothy had much sympathy. Mr. Baxter had always taken a lively interest in this missionary work. Collections had been made during the Commonwealth to aid in supporting evangelists, and aid in translating the Bible and good books into the languages of the natives; and now, in the midst of all his conferences and contentions, Mr. Baxter was labouring at obtaining a charter for a *Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts*. And in this he succeeded.

At that time a manuscript was much in Roger's hands, containing a copy of Journals of the early Puritan settlers of forty years before. He found it the best lesson of true hope he had ever read. And during the winter evenings of 1661 he would often

recite passages aloud to us. Amidst the misunderstandings of good men and the conflicts of parties, it was like a breath of bracing wind to listen to those conflicts of our countrymen with rains and snows and storms, and all the hardships of the wild country peopled by wild beasts and wilder men. As in the Bible stories, there was little making of sermons or drawing of morals in this narrative. The whole story was a sermon, and engraved its own moral on the heart as it went on. In three months half the first noble pilgrim band died, of cold and wet, insufficient shelter and insufficient food. The original hundred were reduced to fifty. Fifty living, and fifty graves to consecrate the new country. Then the graves had to be levelled indistinguishably into the sweep of the earth around, lest the hostile Indians, seeing them, should violate them. Yet never a moan nor a murmur. Their trust in God revealing itself in their patience and courage, their cheerfulness and unquenchable hope.

And now for the fifty were more than twenty thousand; and the wilderness had become a place of English homesteads and villages, fondly called by the old English names.

As Roger read and told us of these things the world grew *round* to me for the first time. I began to see there was another side to it. And the vision

of this new world — this new English world — rose before me as a new Land of Promise, which, if persecution ever made this England for the time “the wilderness,” might be a refuge for our suffering brethren again.

Not indeed for us. I did not think so much of ourselves: our convictions were moderate and our lives peaceable; and the Star-chamber was not likely to be re-established within the memory of the generation that had destroyed it. But the Anabaptists, and the more decided Independents, who objected to all forms of prayer, and the Quakers, might find such an asylum yet very welcome. Already there were four thousand Quakers in prison. Some had been shut up, sixty in a cell, and had died of bad air and scanty food. For sober Presbyterians, like Aunt Dorothy and Mr. Baxter, or moderate people attached with few scruples to the Liturgy, like my father, my husband, and myself, there might not indeed be the triumph in store of which Aunt Dorothy dreamed. But of persecution or imprisonment we did not dream. The tide could never rise again in our lifetime as high as that.

It perplexed us much that during all these months we saw nothing of the Davenants. We did not chance to be at Netherby during the year 1661 or the beginning of 1662. My father had rheumatism,

and was ordered not to winter on the Fens; my husband was much occupied; so that we did not have our usual summer holiday. Lettice and Sir Walter, we heard, were for a time in London, about the Court; but we saw nothing of them.

The children who were at Netherby brought back wonderful stories of the sweet lady at the hall; and Maidie especially was inspired with a love for her which reminded me of the fascination of Lady Lucy over me in my own childhood.

I felt sure Lettice's heart could not change. Had her will, then, grown so weak that she dared not make one effort to break through the barriers which separated us?

Or was it, rather, stronger and more immovable than I had thought? Did she indeed still refuse indemnity to the political offences of the Commonwealth? Could, indeed, no lapse of time efface, no shedding of traitors' blood expiate, the shedding of that royal blood which separated her from Roger?

Nothing but repentance? — the repentance he could never feel without desecrating the memory of that good prince who, as he believed, had been trained by God, through conflict within and without, anointed by wars, and crowned by victory after victory, to be such a ruler as England had never known, over such an England as the world had never seen.

What Roger thought, I knew not. He never mentioned the name of any of the Davenants, except that of Walter, the youngest, who continued to come to him from time to time, and whom I saw once at his lodgings, and did not recognize till after he had left, when Roger told me who he was.

For I remembered Walter Davenant a light-hearted boy, with frank face and bearing, and eyes like his mother's. And this Walter Davenant had a manner half reckless and half sullen; a dress which, with all its laces and plumes and tassels, looked neglected; and restless, uneasy eyes, which never steadily met yours.

"Is that Lettice Davenant's brother Walter?" I said.

"It is Walter Davenant, one of the courtiers of King Charles the Second."

"He is a friend of yours, Roger."

"He is Lettice's brother," he replied. "She asked me to see him sometimes; and now and then he likes to come."

IX.

Lettice's Diary.

AUGUST 19th. — My father's wide-embracing schemes of correspondence and reconciliation have been somewhat narrowed. My brother Roland has been with us, and one or two of his friends about the Court; and he has possessed my father with dark and chilling thoughts of the Puritans.

Indeed, there is an icy touch of cynical doubt in Roland, which seems to take the glow out of everything. He does not assail any person, or any party, or any belief. All parties, he admits, are good, to a certain extent, in their measure, and for their time. But he makes you feel he scorns you as a fond and credulous fool for believing in any person, any party, or any truth, with the kind of faith which leads to sacrificing oneself.

The king, he says, declares that "*nothing* shall ever part him again from his three kingdoms;" and the king never says a foolish thing.

According to Roland, all enthusiasm is either, in foolish men, fanaticism, or, in able men, the hypocrisy of fanaticism, put on to deceive the fanatics.

When my father declaims against Oliver Cromwell as a wild fanatic, and records instances of the destruction of painted windows and the desecration of churches, Roland shrugs his shoulders, slightly raises his eyebrows, smiles, and says: —

“No doubt, that is what he would have had Job Forster and his fellows believe. For himself, his fanaticism had the fortunate peculiarity of always constraining him to climb as high as he could. But he should not be too severely blamed. What can a shrewd man do, when he sees every one taking the same road, but travel a little faster than the rest, if he wishes to keep first?”

“Surely,” said I, “you cannot deny that the Puritans were sincere?”

“At first, probably, many of them,” he said. “When they had only two mites to give, doubtless they gave them. It is the destiny of mites to be spent in that manner. Happily for the widow in the New Testament, her subsequent history is not told.”

“For shame, sir!” said my father. “Say what you like of the Puritans of to-day; I will suffer no profane allusions to the good people who lived at the Christian era.”

“Pardon me, sir!” retorted Roland. “Anno Domini has no doubt made those who lived in it

sacred; except, of course, the Pharisees and a few other reprobates, who are fair mark. But, I assure you, nothing could be further from my intention than to cast the slightest imputation on that excellent widow. I only suggest that if her circumstances improved, no doubt her views enlarged with them. She would naturally feel that while two mites might be bestowed without regard to results, larger possessions involved wider responsibilities, and must, therefore, be dispensed with more prudence; as the Rabbis (who, no doubt, we should charitably suppose, started with intentions as pure) had found out before."

"Speak plainly," said my father; "none of your court riddles for me. Do you mean to say the Puritans were like that good widow, or like the Pharisees?"

"Sir," replied Roland, "you must excuse me if my charity reaches to a later century than yours. You forbid any imputations on the early Christians; I decline to make any against those of a later date. I would leave the sentence to events. Before long there is reason to hope that many of the Puritans will once more have an opportunity of proving their principles, and, if they like, of returning to the exemplary condition of the widow with the one farthing."

"What do you mean? There are to be no confiscations."

"I mean that the Savoy Conference will, I think, issue otherwise than Mr. Baxter and his friends desire. Presbyterian shepherds, Independent lions, and Episcopal lambs will, I think, scarcely at present be made to lie down in the ample fold of the Church; and the sheep to whom the fold naturally belongs, cannot, of course, be expected to withdraw, especially after having tried the tender mercies of the outside world as long as they have."

"It is all the clergy!" said my father, provoked into indiscriminating irritation with some one, as he always is in discussions with Roland. "It is always the parsons and the preachers who won't let the people be quiet. Banish them all to the plantations, and we should have peace to-morrow."

"And twice as many parsons and preachers to break it the day after to-morrow," said Roland. "They have been trying it in England for these eleven years; and I think you will find that has been the result."

"Roland," said my father, changing the conversation, "we must find some way of showing our gratitude to the Draytons. Every corner of the demesne is in better order than I left it."

"Mr. Drayton is a clear-sighted man," was the

reply, "and no doubt foresaw that the rightful owners would return. However, we cannot be too grateful; and no doubt circumstances will give us opportunities of returning his kindness. He will scarcely himself escape some little fines, which we can have lightened. Besides, they are sure, sooner or later, to become entangled with some of the laws against conventicles; Mistress Dorothy, or some of them. It is the way of the family. And then we can be the mouse to nibble the lion's net."

"At least," I said, "you cannot accuse the Draytons of hypocrisy."

"Scarcely," he replied coolly; "they are on the other side of the balance, where consciences weigh heavier than brains. But, at all events," he added, turning to my father, "we are sure to be able to assist Mr. Drayton's son; for, from all I hear, he is scarcely out of the circle of those who are liable to the punishment of treason: so that you may set your mind quite at rest, sir, as to having opportunities of showing our gratitude."

I know he said this to silence me. And it did silence me. I dared not defend the Draytons, for fear of further rousing my father against them.

But Walter, who had been listening to the debate hitherto with some amusement, here broke in.

"Roger Drayton is no traitor," said he. "He

took the wrong side, unfortunately for him, and we the right side; but a more loyal gentleman does not breathe."

"That depends on the construction the crown-lawyers set on loyalty," retorted Roland.

And the conversation ceased.

August 20th.—After that discussion, Roland had a walk with my father round the estate, and the next morning he said to me:—

"I will not have the family disgraced, Lettice, by Walter's reckless ways. If he must beg or borrow, let him beg or borrow of some of those gay courtiers who help him to spend. Not of a man like Roger Drayton, to whom we already owe too much — a Puritan too, a soldier of the usurper; and, for aught I know, a regicide."

"Did Walter borrow of Roger Drayton?" I said, and this time I could not help flushing crimson.

"Yes, yes!" he replied, angrily; "and Roland says, moreover, child, it was thou who introduced them to each other. I will have no clandestine intercourse, Lettice. Thou shalt see I will not!"

"Father," I said, rising, "has Roland's poisonous tongue gone as far as *that*? Does he dare to accuse me or Roger Drayton of that? If you wish to know what the understanding between Roger Drayton and me is, it is this — I thought you knew it; my mother

did. We have promised to be true to each other till death, and beyond it, for ever. And the promise was scarce needed. For the love that makes it sacred was there before."

For they had called Roger a traitor. And it was no time to measure words.

I write these down, because I like to see them, as well as to remember that I said them.

My father drew a long breath.

"Pretty words," he said, "for a lady who recognizes the divine right of kings, parents, and all in authority."

He paced up and down the room for some time, speaking to himself.

"Very strange, very strange," he said; "up to a certain point as gentle as her mother; and once past that, like a lioness. Very strange."

And then, still to himself,—

"'Tis a pity; 'tis a thousand pities. If he had been anything but what Roland says every one says he is; if he had been only a little misled! But now, impossible; of course, impossible!"

"'Tis a pity, Lettice," he then said to me in a vexed tone, but very courteously. "Roland told me of a neighbour of ours, a good and loyal gentleman, who would be but too proud of the honour of my daughter's hand. As fine an estate as any in the

country, and marching with our own. 'Tis a pity, child, for I should not have lost thee. And I should do ill without thee."

"You will *not* lose me, father," I said.

"Nay, nay," he said, "thou art one to be trusted, I know that well. Never believe I doubt that, Lettice, for any hasty word I speak. Never believe I doubt that."

And he kissed me and went his way.

No, he does not doubt me. But there is something in Roland which tempts one to doubt everything and every one.

Did I say his touch was icy? Would it were only that. Frost rouses nature to a vigorous resistance, or checks it with strengthening repression. There is a healthy frost of doubt which kills the insects which infest piety, and checking the too luxuriant growths of faith with a wholesome cold, braces them from mere leafage to solid stem and fruit. But Roland's influence is not the wholesome winter of doubting and inquiring, which seems to interpose between the successive summers of advancing faith, testing its roots. It is a languid atmosphere of doubt, in which everything is alike uncertain; everything alike mean, worthless, earthly. The disbelief in goodness itself, and truth itself, which, like a pestilential malaria, rises from the sloughs of a wicked

life, such as our Court encourages. In the depths of its degradation I believe he himself scorns to soil the sole of his foot. But he stands on the edge and breathes the poison into his brain, and breathes it out again in bitter and cynical talk.

While poor reckless Walter, capable not merely of creeping safely along the dull wayworn ways of life, but of soaring to its noblest heights, plunges into the midst of the pollution; until the very wings with which he was meant to soar upward are clogged with the evil thing; and instead of buoying him upwards, drag him downwards, helpless, blinded, so that he can not only no longer soar, but scarcely even creep.

What will the end be?

Often this weighs on me more than even Roger's peril. For that is not for the soul, which *is* the man; and that is but for the moment.

Sometimes my spirit sinks, sinks as if its wings, too, were all clipped and broken. And I have dreadful visions of one precious life ending in dishonour before man here, in this England, in this age; and the other in dishonour before God and good men for ever. And Roland standing by and observing both, and saying, with a lifting of his eyebrows, between pity and scorn, —

“Yes, that is the issue of passion, for syrens —

or for clouds. That is the result of giving the reins to enthusiasms; religious or otherwise. Poor Walter; and poor Roger! With a few grains more of self-interest and common sense, they might both have stood where I stand, and learned the vanity of everything in the world or out of it, except, as the preacher says, getting well through it."

August 27th. — The minister who succeeded Placidia Nicholls' husband during the Commonwealth has been superseded by Dr. Rich, a scholar who seems to have lived through those stormy times scarce hearing their tumult; so near and so much more important seem to him the tumults and controversies of former times. He will scarce assert that Monday is the day after Sunday, without proving it by citations from a catena of fathers and schoolmen; which sets one piously questioning, whether what needs so many authorities to sustain it is itself substantial. Otherwise, the matter of his statements seems so free from everything every one does not believe, that one would have thought no proof needed.

A most friendly, blameless, and harmless gentleman, however, he is; although weighed down a little as to thinking by the authority of so many ancients, and as to living by the necessities of eleven motherless children, who have to be fed and instructed;

since, unfortunately, the children of such a learned man come into the world as destitute of Patristical lore as if they had been born in the first century, or their father were a Leveller.

It does seem hard that so much learning cannot become hereditary, like pointing, or retrieving. It is such a great hindrance in the way of the moderns being so much wiser than the ancients as they ought to be.

On one page of modern ecclesiastical history, however, it is easy to make Dr. Rich, or any of his eleven, eloquent. And that is the record of the good deeds of Olive and Dr. Antony, who seem to have maintained and lodged the whole family throughout the times of the Commonwealth. They are worthy, he says, to have lived in the days of the Apostolic Fathers; and tears come into his eyes when he speaks of Olive's little devices for delicately helping him. "She thought I was too buried in my books to see," he said. "But, in truth, I was too much overwhelmed with their kindness to speak."

The elder girls, too, have endless stories of Olive's motherly counsels and succour. From their account, Maidie and Dolly must be the blithest little un-Puritanical darlings in the world; and the boys bold little Cavaliers.

August 30th. — At our first return I felt almost

more an exile in some ways than while we were in France. People had fitted into each other so closely as to leave no room for us but a kind of show-place out of every one's way. The myriads of fine interlacing fibres which bind communities together, and root each in its place, can only grow slowly, one by one, as storms straining the boughs, or summers overlading them with fruit, made them needed.

Even eleven years of mere Time almost place you in another generation. Those we left babes are shy lads and lasses; the children are young mothers at their cottage-doors, with their own babes in their arms, courtesying and wondering we do not know them; the youths and maids are sober men and matrons, giving counsel on the perils of life to the youths and maidens we left babes. And the changes of these eleven years have not been those of mere Time.

Not the people only have changed, but the country; — the whole way in which every one looks at every thing. In our youth King and Parliament were the powers which ruled and divided the world. Men of forty now scarcely remember a king really reigning. Men of twenty scarcely remember a Parliament, save the poor mockery of a "Rump" which Oliver "purged," and which the London butchers roasted in effigy — that is, in beef — at the Restoration.

The names honoured and dreaded in our youth, names scarce uttered without the eye flashing, and the cheek flushing with admiration or indignation, have passed from the regions of popular enthusiasm to the sober and silent tribunals of history. Many which seemed to us indelibly engraven on the hearts of men for renown or for abhorrence, Sir John Hotham, "the first traitor," Sir Bevil Granvill, Sir Jacob Astley, are — except among those who personally recollect them — unknown; whilst around the loftier heights still in sight strange mists of legend already begin to gather, especially among the peasantry. Prince Rupert is the "black man" with whose name men of twenty have been spell-bound into submission in the nursery. Archbishop Laud and Strafford, in our Puritan village, have well-nigh taken the place of the Spaniard and the Pope of our childhood, and rise before the imagination of the people as fiery-eyed giants, rattling 'chains, and thirsting for the blood of Englishmen.

Hampden, Pym, Falkland, Eliot, are mere grand, silent shades, walking the Elysian fields of the past, far off, among the heroes, Leonidas, Brutus, or the Gracchi, but in no way disturbing the pursuits or influencing the thoughts of the present.

Instead, people speak frequently and familiarly of Lambert, Fleetwood, and others, whose names to

me sound as strange as those of the combatants of the Fronde. And, besides these, there are the names which have shifted from side to side, until they seem to have lost all meaning.

The names of religious influence among the Puritans — John Howe, Dr. Owen, Vice-chancellor of Oxford, and Richard Baxter — are, through Mistress Dorothy, less unfamiliar to me. Our good Bishop Hall is dead. But Dr. Jeremy Taylor, whose discourse my mother loved so well, still lives, and fills the church with the music of his thoughts.

The one English name which, on the continent of Europe, overshadowed (or outshone) all the rest — he whom the young King Louis (the Fourteenth) called “the greatest and happiest prince in Europe” — is one men scarce utter willingly now. The emotions which his name calls out have indeed still a perilous fire in them.

The other name, of which we used to hear most in foreign parts, until it seemed at times as if, to the outer world, the Doing of England were alone manifest in Oliver Cromwell, and her Thought in John Milton, is also proscribed. The poet’s treasonable “Defences,” which scholars abroad admired (on account of the Latin, I suppose), have been burned in public. But he himself will, it is thought, be spared; although for the present he is in con-

cealment. A poet of our name and kindred, to whom they say he showed kindness, is doing his utmost to save him. His blindness, and the great genius and renown he hath, also give him a kind of sacredness. Some say Heaven hath punished him enough already; others that Heaven shields him, and makes his head sacred from violent touch by a crown of sorrow.

It is from Isaac Nicholls, Mistress Placidia's son, I hear most of Mr. John Milton. Isaac is a strange sprout from such a stock. He careth scarce at all for the world as a place to get on in; and almost infinitely as a theatre to contemplate, with its scenes painted by divine hands. He seems as familiar with the past as Dr. Rich; but in a different way. To Dr. Rich the past seems a book, and the present another book — a commentary on it. To Isaac the past seems not a book, but a life, and the present a life flowing from it.

The names of the heroes seem as the names of friends to him, from Leonidas to Falkland. The voices of the poets seem all living, from Homer to Milton. And while Mistress Nicholls wears out heart and brain in anxious cares to make him an inheritance, he finds a king's treasury in a book, or in a carpet of mosses and wild-flowers, such as clothes the sweet old glade by the Lady Well.

Of all the people I remember, no one seems to me to have grown so old as Mistress Nicholls; and of all the new people, none seems to me so delightfully new as Isaac Nicholls.

The prohibition laid by my father (through Roland's influence) against all intercourse with the Draytons, does not extend to Mistress Nicholls's home. She is the nearest link I have with the old Netherby home. Isaac comes often to the Hall, and spends long days. The library is a new world to him. And he is a new world to me; or, rather, his mind is to me a mirror in which all the black blank England of these eleven years lives and moves, and has voice and colour.

It was a warm evening early in July when I first saw Isaac. Mistress Nicholls was sitting spinning in the porch of her neat house, on the outskirts of the village.

"As diligent as ever, Mistress Nicholls," I said.

"Yes, Mistress Lettice," said she, in a voice which had fallen into an habitual whine (such as is thought by some characteristic of the Puritans in general). "Ah, yes, these are no times for a lone woman to slacken her hands. It is not by folding of the hands that body and soul are kept together in these days."

As she spoke, she led me to a chair in the

parlour. In the window was sitting a lad with round shoulders and long hair falling over his forehead, as he pored over a large folio on the window seat.

He turned round suddenly at her words, and said, in an abrupt, shy way, yet with a gentle, cheerful voice, —

“Oh, mother, don’t speak of body and soul; we have much more than food and raiment!”

“I do not deny,” she replied to me, in a voice half querulous, half apologetic, “that the Lord has been merciful, far above my deserts, no doubt. We have never yet been suffered to want, I freely acknowledge, and we ought to be very thankful, Mistress Lettice; very thankful, no doubt.”

Hearing my name, the boy rose, and in a quiet, nervous way, came forward, held out his hand, and then drew back, blushing, and made an awkward bow.

“My Isaac has heard of you,” said his mother, “from his cousins. Isaac thinks no one fit to be compared with his cousins, Maidie and Dolly Antony.”

“Olive’s children!” I said. And I took his hand and held it in both mine. It seemed to bring me nearer them.

“Maidie and Dolly think no one fit to be compared with Mistress Lettice,” he said.

It touched me much. And with so much in

common, friendship between Isaac and me waxed apace.

Yes, it was I, Lettice Davenant, whom Olive's fond recollections had made her children's queen of beauty and love; the fairy princess of their fairy tales; their Una of the "milk white lamb." They knew all about me; the adventures of our childhood were their nursery stories; the love of our youth was the ideal friendship of their childhood.

And now I came back to them no longer their cotemporary in the perpetual youth of fairyland, but their mother's; and here were these boys, Isaac and Austin Rich, thinking no one in the world so sweet and fair as Maidie and Dolly Antony.

Over again, the old story! Yet it does not make me feel old, but young again. For our old friendships — our old faithful love — are not dead, nor like to die; "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." There is a heavenly inheritance which the heart enters on here, or never there.

Not years nor sorrows make us old, but selfish cares. As Rachel Forster said, when I asked her whether Mistress Nicholls had suffered from any uncommon griefs or necessities, that she looked so old, and seemed to feel so poor.

"Nay, Mistress Lettice, nay! To my recollection Mistress Placidia was never young; and all the

riches of the Spanish main could not make her rich. She has such a terrible empty space inside to fill. Not even the Almighty, the possessor of heaven and earth, can make her rich, at least not with riches. And, sure enough, He has tried, to my belief, near all the ways He has. But it is of no use. But I do think he has begun to make her poor. And that is something."

"What do you mean, Rachel?" I said.

"Time was when, though, poor soul, she was never able to think that she *had* anything, she thought great store of what she *was*," said Rachel. "But now that is broken down. I do believe the Lord took her down that step when her boy was born. And that step — the emptying and going down into the depths — in my belief, begins to make us Christians. Then comes the step up again into the light. And, poor soul, it seems to me, ever since, the good Lord has been trying, by all manner of ways, to lead her up that stair. But she has never had the heart to come. And so, down there, out of the light, her poor wisht soul has grown old, and white, and withered-like; and her voice has got a moan in it, like a voice tuned in a sick chamber, and never lifted up in the fresh air, in a good hearty psalm. 'Tisn't years or griefs that make us old, nor poverty that makes us poor, to my seeming; but looking

down instead of up, and being shut up alone with self, instead of with God."

And Job looked up, and said with a smile and a nod, —

"*She* knows well enough, wife; she knows it isn't anything the Lord sends that makes us old or poor, but what the devil sends. The loss of all the world can't make us poor, and the rolling by of all the ages can't make us old, any more than the angels. But there's no need to tell. *She* knows. Mistress Lettice knows."

Job did not look up from the scythe he was repairing as he spoke. But I felt that his heart had seen into mine.

And it is a wonderful comfort to me to think that that good old Puritan blacksmith knows.

For he has camped many a night on the field with Roger, as Rachel has often told me. And, no doubt, he must have seen into Roger's heart as well as into mine. And no doubt those two, who have loved each other so well, have a warm corner in their prayers for us.

September 1st. — Isaac Nicholls has wonderful stories of the settlers in the American Plantations. The wilderness across the Atlantic seems to have been to him and Olive's children a kind of Atlantis, and Fairy or Giant Land; what the Faëry Queen

or the stories of Hercules or the Golden Fleece were to us.

He has tales of daring and endurance concerning those Pilgrims to the West, which seem to me worthy of the old heroic days. Of weeping congregations parting on the sea-shores of the old world, reluctantly left. Of congregations, free and delivered, praising God in the midst of danger and distress on the shores of the new. Of a hundred English men and women forsaking land and friends for religion, and going in a little ship across the ocean, landing among the wooded creeks, half of them perishing in the cold of the first winter; but the fifty who survived never murmuring and never despairing. Of toils to till the new fields by day, and watchings at night against the Indians. Of exploring parties going through trackless forests till they found a habitable nook by the borders of some lake or stream. Of green meadows and golden corn-fields slowly won from the wilderness; and pleasant gardens springing up around the new homes, with strange fruits and flowers, mingled with the old familiar grains and herbs, and birds with song as strange as the speech of the Indians. Of old Puritan psalms sung by the sea-shore, till the homely villages arose, with their homely churches, as in Old England on the village greens.

It sounds, as he tells it, like a story of some old Grecian colony, with church-bells through it; — a curious mosaic of a Greek legend (such as Roger used to tell me) and the Acts of the Apostles. But the colonists were not Athenians nor Spartans, but Englishmen. And it all happened only forty years ago. Or, as Isaac believes, it is all happening still. For although the great tide of Puritan emigration has ceased during the Commonwealth, there are always a few joining the numbers.

“And,” saith Isaac, “Maidie says Cousin Roger thinks the tide will set in again for the wilderness, if things go on as they are going now at Court.”

But here Isaac halts abruptly, as treading on forbidden ground, and the conversation is turned; he little knowing how gladly I would have it flow in the same current, and I scarce deeming it keeping faith with my father to make an effort that it should.

The two living men who seem to fill the largest space in Isaac's admiring gaze, are Mr. John Milton, whom all the world knows, and a John Bunyan (not even a Mr.), a poor tinker and an Anabaptist, whom no one knows, I should think, out of his own neighbourhood or sect, but whom Isaac declares to have a way of making past things present, and far-off

things near, and unseen things visible, as only the poets have.

Mr. John Milton one can understand being the hero of a boy like Isaac; losing his sight, as Isaac believes, in the "Defence of the People of England;" filling all Europe with his song, shaking the thrones of persecuting princes by his eloquent pleadings for the oppressed Christians of the Alps, seeming to find in his blindness (as a saint in the darkness of death) the unveiling of higher worlds; a gentleman with a countenance which my mother thought noble and beautiful as Dr. Jeremy Taylor, or any about the late king's Court; a scholar whose taste and learning the scholars of Italy send to consult, and whose birth-house they come to see in London as of their own Petrarch or Dante Alighieri; a poet whom men who can judge seem to lift altogether out of the choir of living singers, into a place by himself among the poets who are dead.

But this Anabaptist tinker! It is a strange delusion. I cannot wonder at Mrs. Nicholls's aversion from such guidance for her son, especially as it leads into the most perilous religious path he can tread.

October. — I have seen the Anabaptist tinker and heard him preach, and I wonder no more at Isaac's enthusiasm.

It was in a barn a mile or two out of Netherby.

Isaac persuaded me to go, and I went; and wrapping myself in a plain old mantle, crept into a corner and listened.

And there I heard the kind of sermon I have been wanting to hear so long.

Heaven brought so near, and yet shown to be so infinite; the human heart shown so dark and void, and yet so large and deep, and capable of being made so fair and full of good. Grace, the grace "which overmastereth the heart;" not as something "destroying" or "excluding" nature, but "embracing," renewing, glorifying it. Christ our Lord shown so glorious, and yet so human; more human than any man, because without the sin which stunts and separates. Yes, that was it. This tinker made me see Him, brought me down to His feet; not to the Baptist, or Luther, or Calvin, or any one, but to Christ, who is all in one. Brought me down to His feet, rebuked, humbled, emptied; and then made me feel His feet the loftiest station any creature could be lifted to.

He began, as I think all highest preaching does, by appealing not to what is meanest, but what is noblest in us; not by showing how easy religion is, but how great.

He began thus: — "When He had called the people, Jesus said, 'Whosoever will come after Me

let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me.' Let him count the charge he is like to be at; for following Me is not like following some other masters. The wind sets always on My face, and the foaming rage of the sea of this world, and the proud and lofty waves thereof, do continually beat upon the bark Myself and My followers are in; *he therefore that will not run hazards, let him not set foot in this vessel."*

Then he spoke of the greatness of the soul that could be lost and should be saved. God breathed it. "And the breath of the Lord *lost nothing* in being made a living soul. O man! dost thou know what thou art? Made in God's image! I do not read of anything in heaven or earth so made, or so called, but the Son of God. The King Himself, the great God, desires communion with it. He deems no suit of apparel good enough for it but one made for itself."

Then he spoke of the wonderful beauty of the body. This "costly cabinet of that curious thing the soul." The more it is thought of and its works looked into, the more wonderfully it is seen to be made. Yet is the body but the house, the raiment, of that noble creature the soul. It is a tabernacle; the soul, the worshipper within. Yet we are not to forget the body is a tabernacle, no common dwelling, but a holy place, a temple.

Then he spoke of the powers of this "noble creature:" of Memory, its "register;" of Conscience, its seat of judgment; of the Affections, the hands and arms with which it embraces what it loves. God's anger is never, he said, against these powers — "the *natives* of the soul" — but against their *misuse*.

But the soul being so noble, it is the soul that sins. Not the body; that is passive. And it is the sinful impenitent soul which suffers, "when the clods of the valley are sweet to the wearied body."

A whole world of wisdom, the wisdom I had been longing to hear, seemed to me to lie in the words of this tinker. How many dark hearts would be cheered, and downcast hearts lifted up, and closed narrowed souls opened and expanded to embrace the light around, if this could be understood. The body is not vile, it is God's curious costly cabinet; his tabernacle to be kept holy. The body sins not. Sin is not in matter, but in spirit. Conversion is a liberation of all the "*natives*" from the intrusive tyranny of sin and Satan, a making the whole man every whit whole. God's anger is not against the natural affections or understanding. They are *not* to be destroyed, crushed, or fettered. They are to be liberated, expanded, quickened with the new life.

How many of the dark pages of Church history already written, and now being written, might never have been, if the theology of this tinker could be understood!

Luther, they say, also knew these things (and Roger used to declare Oliver Cromwell did, but of this I know nothing). Strange it is to see how from height to height these souls respond to each other, like bonfires carrying the good news from range to range, throughout the ages. These are the wise; wise like angels; wise like little children. Half way down, it seems to me, walk the smaller ingenious men of each generation, laboriously building elaborate erections which all the ingenious men on their own hill-side and on their own level admire, but which those on the other side cannot see. And below, in the valleys, the reapers reap, and the little children glean, and the women work and weep and wait, and wonder at the skill of the builders on the hill-side, so far above them to imitate. But when they want to know if the good news from the far country is still there for them, as for those of old, they look not to the hill-sides but to the hill-tops, where the bonfires flash the gospels — plainer even in the night than in the day — and where the earliest and latest sunbeams rest. And so the eyes of the watchers on the mountain-tops, of the children and

the lowly labourers in the valleys, and of the angels in the heavens, meet. And when the night comes — which comes to all on earth — the ingenious builders on the hill-sides, no doubt, have also to look to the mountain-tops, where the watch-fires burn, and the sunset lingers and the sunrise breaks.

This tinker seems to have a soul ordered like a great kingdom, all its powers in finest use and in most perfect subordination. But Isaac says this kingdom sprang from a chaos of war, and conflict, and anguish, such as scarce any human souls know.

In this also like Luther, who had his terrible civil wars to pass through ere the Kingdom came within. (And Roger said Oliver Cromwell had.) To John Bunyan (Isaac told me), the finding of an old thumbed copy of Luther on the Galatians was like the discovery of the spring in the wilderness to Hagar. "I do prefer that book," he said, "before all others, except the Holy Bible, for a wounded conscience."

So they meet — these simplest, wisest, widest, humblest, highest souls, and understand each other's language, and take up each other's song in antiphons from age to age.

Yet, I fear, this can scarce be so with John

Bunyan. His voice can scarce reach beyond his own time, deep as it is. For how could an unlearned tinker write a book which ages to come would read?

And, withal, he is a true Englishman. That also pleased me well in him. I think the greatest men who are most human, most for all men, are also most characteristically national; it is the smaller great men who are cosmopolitan. Even as St. Paul was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, Martin Luther was German to the core, they say (and Roger said Oliver Cromwell was English to the core).

A square, solid brow; a ruddy, healthy, sensible countenance; a body muscular, strong-boned, tall, compact; eyes keen, calm, quick, sparkling, observant, kindly, with twinklings of humour in them, and tears, and anger, but not restless or dreamy; a mouth firm, capable of rebuke or of quiet smiles. In company, Isaac says, not "given to loquacity or much discourse, unless some urgent occasion required it;" and then "accomplished with a quick discerning of persons, being of a good judgment and an excellent wit." The dumbness (natural to all Englishmen worth anything) not absent in him; speech being with him not for ornament but for use.

November 1660. — Isaac is in great trouble. John Bunyan has been cast into prison. Mistress

Nicholls also is in great trouble, fearing Isaac may be involved in John Bunyan's disgrace, seeing he loves so much to hear him.

"It is a very peculiar trial," saith she, "that her boy should embrace the most perilous form of all the perilous religions of the day."

"Not the most, mother," said Isaac. "The Quakers are worse."

Indeed everyone seems to agree that of all the sects which have sprung up during the Commonwealth, the Quakers are the worst. I should like to see one.

February 1661. — I am grieved to the heart at these ungenerous revenges. It was an ill way to celebrate the martyrdom of His Sacred Majesty, to drag the bodies of brave men from the graves in the Abbey, and hang them on gibbets.

Senseless, mean, and barbarous revenges! They should have heard John Bunyan the tinker preach. It was not the body that sinned. They should have let it rest.

My father thinks Oliver Cromwell deserved anything; but he is not pleased at their having disturbed the bones of his mother and daughter, and of Robert Blake, and cast them into a pit in St. Margaret's churchyard.

"A peaceable old gentlewoman, who never did

any harm that I heard," said he, "except bringing the usurper into the world; and a young gentle lady, too good for such a stock. Their dust would not have hurt that of the kings. Doubtless it was insolence to lay them there; but it was scarce an English gentleman's work to molest them."

But about the violation of Blake's tomb his anger waxed hot. "A good old Somersetshire family!" he said. "They might have let him rest; if only for the fright he gave the Pope, the Turk, and the Spaniard."

I was afraid to go near Job Forster's for some days after I heard of these desecrations. When at last I went, Rachel could not altogether restrain her indignation. Job only said, "Never heed, never heed. He they sought to dishonour doesn't heed. What is all the world but a churchyard? In 'the twinkling of an eye' will anyone have time to see where the bodies rise from? Or dost think the gold and jewels on kings' tombs will have much of a shine when the Gates of Pearl are open, and the poor body they have thrown like a dog's beneath the gibbet shall enter them shining like a star?"

But then something broke down his fortitude, and he added, in a husky voice, —

"Yet England might have found him another grave. He did his best for her; he did his best."

January 1662. — A long break in these pages. There has not been much very cheerful to write. And I would never write moans. These it is better to make into prayers.

Our house is not altogether at unity with itself. Roland has brought home his wife.

From the first, my father did not affect her.

She took her new honours more loftily and easily than he liked.

"A pretty Frenchified poppet," he called her.

I have done my best to smooth matters, although it is a little vexatious to the temper, sometimes, to be counselled with matronly airs, and consoled for my single state by this young creature.

It has been often difficult to keep the peace.

Naturally, the old associations of the old place are nothing to her, and she offends my father continually, by laughing at the old servants, the old furniture, and what she calls our old-fashioned ways in general.

But to-day she kindled him into a flame which, for the time, will probably keep her at a distance.

She ventured to propose that she should change my mother's oratory into a cabinet for herself, "to be draped," said she, "with silk, and adorned with

statues, and be like the apartments of the 'Lady' at Whitehall."

Which brought out some very plain English from my father concerning the "Lady," and all who favoured her.

"The king," he vowed, "might degrade his palaces, if he pleased, and if he dared. But he would see the Hall and everything in it burned to the ground, rather than have the place where my mother had lived the life and prayed the prayers of an angel, polluted by being likened to the dwelling of a creature it was a dishonour for a man to tolerate or for a woman to name."

So, for the time, the controversy ended. And, in a few days, Roland and his wife went back to the Court.

But my father is more and more uneasy and irritable. "In his youth," he said, "in the days of the good king of sacred memory, *all* were noble, rebels, royalists, all. Eliot, Pym, Hampden, Essex, were gentlemen and true Englishmen, as well as Falkland, Bevil Granvill, or Sir Jacob Astley. And all, however deluded, feared God, and honoured all true men and women. But now," says he, "all are base together — Court, Royalists, Roundheads — all. Why could not Roger Drayton have kept to such politics as Hampden's or his own father's, and not

disgraced himself by joining these furious traitors and sectaries?"

By which I know that my father has relentings towards the Draytons, though he will by no means confess it.

June 1662. — I have seen a Quaker. And a very soft and mild kind of creature it seems to be.

Olive's children are at Netherby. To-day I met her little girls at Mistress Nicholls's. Maidie is a darling little elfin queen. And Dolly is a sweet little Puritan angel. And with them was Annis Nye, their nurse, a Quaker maiden, with a heroical serene face, and a voice even and soft, like a river flowing through meadows. She attracted me much; a harmless dove of a maiden she seemed.

But when I said so to Job Forster, on my way home, he shook his head and muttered, —

"Soft enough, and deep enough! You would find what kind of gentleness she has if you saw her take the bit between her teeth and make straight for the pillory, and you had to hold her in and keep her safe, if you could. Why, I'm always expecting, morn and night, that poor maid'll get a 'concern' to go and testify against the king's mistresses, or the Popish bishops' surplices. To say nothing of the chance of her setting off to preach in New England, or to the Turks, or to the Pope of Rome, as some

of them do when they are well persuaded it is more dangerous than anything else. And say what George Fox may of the Protector, she'd find the tender mercies of the Court scarce so tender as he was. If you want to make your life a burden to you, Mistress Lettice," he concluded dolefully, shaking his head, "you've nought to do but to get your heart tender to a Quaker (as no man nor woman with a heart in them can help getting it to that wilful maid), and try to keep her out of harm's way. You'll find you've no rest left, day nor night. I've had hard things to do in my time, but never one that beat me over and over like trying to keep a Quaker safe."

July 1662. — My father, a few days since, met Maidie and Dolly in the village, and asked whose children they were.

In the evening he said to me, —
"Those children of Olive Drayton's, at least, are guilty of no crimes, political or other. Have them to the house, Lettice, if thou wilt."

And, since, the old house and the gardens have grown musical with the frolics of these young creatures, Isaac and Maidie, Austin Rich and Dolly. It makes me young again to see their story of life beginning.

And it is pleasant to feel there is something of

youth left in my heart to respond to the youth in theirs, so that they see and feel my being with them a sunshine, not a shadow.

Sometimes I feel as if I could be content to take this on-looker's place in life, and be a kind of grandmother to every one's children. If I could only be sure that Roger and the old friends were also content and secure.

But the times press hard on them, and are like, they say, to press harder yet.

August 30th. — The harder times for the Puritans have come, or have begun. A week since, on St. Bartholomew's Day, two thousand of their ministers resigned their benefices, rather than do what was commanded by the Act of Uniformity.

My father is angry with the "parsons" all round; with the bishops for driving the Puritans out, with the Puritans for going.

Mistress Dorothy writes from Kidderminster: —

"Mr. Baxter and sixteen hundred of His Majesty's most loyal subjects, and the Church's most faithful ministers, banished from their pulpits. We had looked for another return when, like Judah of old, we hastened to be the first to bring back our king. But return, or no return, let not any think we repent our loyalty. We will pray for His Majesty by twos or threes, if, by his command, we are forbidden

to assemble in larger numbers. Pray that his throne may be established, and his counsellors converted."

Job Forster smiles grimly under the gray soldierly hair on his upper lip, and says, sententiously, between the strokes on his anvil, —

"They are finding it out. One after another. The four thousand Quakers in the jails. The Scottish Covenanted men, with the choice between the bishops and the gallows. Jenny Geddes will scarce rise from the dead to help them now. They are learning how the king remembers their sermons, to which they made him hearken so many hours. And how he keeps their Covenant, to which they made him swear so many oaths. The French, and the Dutch, and the Spaniards found it out long ago. And now the two thousand parsons are finding it out. And by-and-by, nigh the whole country will find it out. But Rachel and I will scarce be here to see."

"Find out what?" I said.

"That the Lord Protector's death was no such great blessing to any but himself," said Job. And he became at once too absorbed in his work to pursue the conversation.

October 29th. — To-day, the Post brought tidings which, when my father read, he dashed the letter

from him, and started to his feet with an anathema, brief but deep.

Then he paced up and down the room once or twice in silence, and then he said suddenly to me, —

“Lettice, where is Roger Drayton?”

The abrupt question startled me for an instant, so that I could not reply. I did not know what new calamity had come, or was coming. And I suppose the colour left my face. For at once my father added very gently, —

“I should not have asked thee. I know well thou hast kept my prohibition but too loyally. I will send a messenger to Netherby with the letter.”

He wrote a few rapid lines, and despatched a servant with the letter without delay.

Then deliberately and quietly he took his sword from his side and hung it up beside my grandfather's in the hall.

“For the last time!” he said, “the honour of England is gone for ever. *The king has sold Dunkirk to the French.*”

And with a restless impatience he went on, —

“Come, come, child! We will make no babyish moans. Get on thy mantle and come round the old place. A man may still serve the country by mak-

ing two blades of grass where one grew before. But by bearing arms under traitors who sell the honour of England to pay for the paint and gewgaws of wicked women, never again. Henceforth call thyself a husbandman's daughter, Lettice; but never again a soldier's. England is disgraced, child, dishonoured, made a by-word and a laughing-stock to the whole world. But we may still make the corn grow thicker and the sheep fatter. So who shall say there is not something worth living for yet?"

"Something worth doing yet," he added, "for the country of Eliot and Falkland, and Robert Blake, who made the Pope and the Turk quake in their castles, and now lies tossed like a dog into a pit in St. Margaret's churchyard!"

But he did not tell me what was in the letter he sent to Netherby.

October 31st. — The Autumn wind was softly drifting the brown leaves into heaps round the roots of the trees, by the Lady Well, and softly adding to them by loosening one by one from the branches. I was thinking he was God's gardener, tenderly, though with rough hands, folding warm coverlids over the roots of the flowers. I was thinking how wilder winds would come, and with icy breath heap the snows above the dead leaves; and yet still only be God's gardeners to keep His flowers housed against

the spring, and not to shelter only, but to feed and enrich them whilst sheltering. For sleep is not only a rest, but a cordial of new life. I was listening to the dropping of the water into the Holy Well the monks had made so long ago, and thinking how Olive and I had listened to it long ago, and thought it like church music from a kind of sacred Fairyland. The old well and the fresh spring; always fresh, always living, always young; when there came a rustling among the leaves which was not the wind, nearer, nearer, and before I could look, his hand on my hand, and his voice, low as the dropping of the water, on my heart, and deep as the spring from which it flowed.

"Lettice, your father told me I might come back. Do *you* say so?"

I could scarcely speak, still less could I meet his eyes, which I felt through the heavy lids I could not raise.

"My heart has never changed, Roger," I said at last, "nor misdoubted you one instant."

"Has your determination changed, Lettice?" he said, gently withdrawing his hand.

"Has yours?" I said. "If you can but say you grieve for one irrevocable deed, and would recall it if you could?"

"I repent of much, and would undo much," he

replied. "But I can never say I repent of following him who saved England, and to whom England cannot even return the poor gratitude of a grave."

We went silently home side by side, the dead leaves crackling under our feet in the still woodland paths, till we came to my mother's garden, one side of which bordered on the wood.

There he unlatched the little garden gate, and held it for me to pass. The click sounded startling in the silence. I passed through, but did not look up, until my hands were suddenly seized in my father's, and his face shone down on me beaming with smiles I had not seen there for many a day.

"How now, child," said he, "whither away, pale and downcast as a white violet?"

"Dost fear I distrust thee, Lettice?" he added, softly; "I never did, I never could."

Then I looked up and met his eyes for a moment; but the softness in them overcame me, and I could not speak.

"What does all this mean, Roger Drayton?" he resumed, impatiently. "Does not she know I sent for thee? Surely she has not changed?"

"Mistress Lettice says she has not changed," said Roger, despondingly, "and never can."

"Then what is all this coil about? She told me months since, in the teeth of prohibitions and en-

treaties to bestow her hand elsewhere, that you had exchanged troth, and would be true to each other till death."

"And after," said I. "Death cannot separate us for ever. Only that terrible death, and that only in life."

"It was because I guarded the scaffold at the king's beheading," said Roger.

"Tush, tush, child," my father replied, hastily. "We have been through a wilderness, and which of us has not lost his way? We have been through the fire and smoke of a hundred battles; who expects any man to come out with face and hands washed like a Pharisee's?"

Then suddenly turning to Roger, and taking his hand, he said, solemnly, —

"If thou hadst known, Roger Drayton, for what a king that scaffold was clearing the way, I trow thou hadst rather laid thy head on the block thyself."

This Roger did not deny. Was not his silence a confession? And so, when my father laid our hands together in his, could I refuse? The sacred irresistible touch of another hand which had once before so joined them, seemed on us all, and a tender voice from heaven seemed to float above like

church-music. And still as I listened to-night, in the oratory alone, it seemed to say, —

“My children, the way is rough; tread it together. The burdens are heavy; share them all. Sorrows, fears, fruitless regrets, fruitful repentances, share them all. Bear each other's burdens, and, in so bearing, make them sometimes light and always helpful. To you it is given to love, not with the poor timid transitory love which dares not see, but with the love which dares to see because it helps to purify. My children, the way will not be smooth; tread it together. The burdens will be heavy; share them all.”

X.

Olive's Recollections.

THEY were married as quietly as might be on a quiet autumn day in the old parish church of Netherby.

We waited for them in the porch of the old church—the west porch, which our forefathers had built—looking across the green graves of the village churchyard, across the quiet village street to the arched gate which opened opposite the Lych-Gate from one of the avenues of the Hall; my father, Aunt Dorothy (once more at Netherby), Aunt Gretel, my husband, the children, and I.

No stately procession issued thence; only Lettice, leaning on her father's arm, wrapped closely in a mantle, with a few faithful old servants following.

We saw them in the distance wending towards us among the gray stems of the beech trees. Their footsteps fell softly on the fallen leaves as they crossed the church path. We met them at the churchyard gate.

So we entered the church, which we had not done before.

And there a sight met us which went deep to our hearts.

There had been no triumphal wedding arches, no banners, no flowers strewn on the bride's path.

Netherby was a Puritan village, and we Puritans were at no time great in pomps and ceremonials. Moreover, there was a weight of joy in the crowning of this hope so long deferred, and a depth of content, which moved rather to tears than to shouts of welcome. Nor were the times very joyous to us. With two thousand deprived ministers to be kept from starving, and thousands of those who believed as we did, not to be kept from prisons, our festivities naturally took a sober colouring.

We had not therefore been prepared to find the church full from door to altar; full of people from the village and from all the country round — old men and women, and the youngest children that could be trusted to be quiet. (For, as one mother said afterwards, "I would like them to be able to say to their children, 'I was there when Mr. Roger and Mistress Lettice were married.'") They rose as we passed up the aisle, and a soft murmur of benediction seemed to fill the silent church.

For Roger and Lettice were dearly loved in the dear old place, with an affection which had grown with their growth from infancy, and which was strong

through the intertwining roots of centuries. (It will be long before the new roots in the New World strike so deep.)

And through all the generations of Davenants and Draytons this was the first time the lines had met in marriage.

It was a solemn as well as a joyful thing to see those two stand with joined hands at the altar, with the tombs of our fathers beside them in the oldest transept, and the stately monuments of the Davenants opposite, whilst the whole village of our tenants and servants (children of generations of our tenants and servants) were gathered behind.

As they knelt down side by side on the altar steps, a ray from the autumn sun fell softly on her bowed head, slightly turned, on the rich brown hair flowing beneath her veil, on the broad fair brow, the drooping eyelids, with their long dark lashes, and the pale cheek. In its repose her face shone on me as if it had been her mother's, looking down on her from heaven; so close seemed the likeness, so angelic the calm. It brought my childhood, and all heaven before me, and blinded my eyes with tears.

Good old Dr. Rich was so completely shaken out of his natural dwelling-place in the past by his sympathy with them that he seemed like another man. His voice was deep and tender, and the bene-

dictions fell from his lips with a power which resounded from stone effigies of knight and dame, and thrilled back from every living heart, in a deep echo, "Yea, and they shall be blessed."

The most rigid Puritan in the place conformed for the occasion. Responses went up, not, as Mr. Baxter complains, "in a confused and unmeaning manner," but hearty and clear as an anthem; and the Amens rang through the church like a salute of artillery.

As the service closed, and we followed Lettice and Roger down the aisle, I noticed a Cavalier, wrapped in a large mantle, leaning against one of the pillars near the door. Lettice saw him and pointed him out to Roger, and both then went towards him. It was Walter Davenant. He came forward and grasped their hands.

His voice was low, and had a tremor in it. But I heard him say, —

"If my being publicly here could have been any sign of honour to you, Roger Drayton, I would have come with a cavalcade. But my coming is an honour to none. I pray you think it not a disgrace."

Sir Walter coloured as he saw him (he had forbidden Walter to enter his house), but Lettice placed their hands together, and there was no resisting the

entreaty in her sweet pleading face. So the old Cavalier went back to the Hall leaning on his son's arm.

It seemed as happy an augury as could be given of the blessing to flow from the marriage.

He was the only one of Lettice's kindred except her father who vouchsafed his presence. And I believe it was to counterbalance this cold reception, and testify how he honoured, as much as to show how he loved, his child, that Sir Walter insisted on all the village partaking of such a feast as Netherby had never seen, and on the ringers of all the churches round ringing such peals as the countryside had never heard.

So it came about that at last, after flowing so parallel, so close, and so divided for so many centuries, the two streams of life at Netherby blended in one.

Job Forster said, —

“I always knew it must be — I always knew. Do you think, Mistress Olive, I've watched nightly with Master Roger by the camp-fires on Scotch and Irish moors, on the hills and by the sea, and gone with him into battle after battle, when neither of us knew who would ever come back alive — without finding out where his heart was? and when Mistress Lettice came back from beyond seas, as a lily

among thorns, I knew *she* was all right, which made it plain. But I never breathed it to a soul. *She* (*i. e.* Rachel) of course always knew everything, whether she was told or not. But she was unbelieving about it — fearful and unbelieving. I never knew her so bad about anything. I believe it was because she wished it so much. Scores of times she has vexed me sore about it. ‘There was no promise folks should be happy,’ said she, ‘and have all they wished for.’ I had to mind her of the morning long ago, when we went hunting in the dark for a promise for Master Roger when he was in that sore trouble, and no promise came, till at last she found we wanted none, for we’d got beyond the promises to Him who was the Promise of all promises. And here she was standing out again for a promise! ‘It was spiritual inward blessing we were looking for then, Job,’ said she (nigh as perverse as that poor Quaker maid), ‘and of course that’s all plain. This is *outward*, and that’s another thing altogether. No doubt the good Lord would have us all forgiven and made good. But it’s by no means clear to my mind He’d have us all married and made happy just in the way we wish.’ ‘Well,’ said I, ‘thou’rt a wise woman, a world wiser than me. But thou’st never fought under Oliver. *He* said he knew not well to distinguish between outward blessings and inward.

To a worldly man they are outward; to a saint, Christian. The difference is in the subject, not in the object. Nor," continued Job, "do I know to distinguish, or care. Leastways thou'st been the best means of grace the Lord ever sent to me. And why shouldn't Master Roger and Mistress Lettice be like thee and me? Seems to me scarce thankful, anyway, to put marriage among the outward blessings, like meat!' Which, if it did not convince her (for the best of women can't be always amenable to reason), anyways turned the conversation. And now it's all come about as I said, wife, and thou must give in at last," he concluded. "Sure, thou'lt never be as stiff-necked as those poor wilful Scottish ministers who were so wise they couldn't even see what the Almighty meant after he had spoken in thunder at Dunbar. Poor souls," he added, "poor stiff-necked souls, they're learning it now on the other side of the book, by the gallows and the boot, and the congregations scattered by the King's soldiers on the hills."

Rachel did not plunge into the vexed question his words raised; as to whether the event proved the equity of the cause. She only said, —

"Promise or no promise, Job; inward or outward, I've no manner of doubt the good Lord minds whether we're happy or no, and makes us as happy

as may be, while being made as good as we can be. Which, of course, He minds ten thousand times more; because the goodness *is* the happiness, come which way it may, by the drought or the flood. But if the happiness *will* make us good, no fear of his stinting that. Good measure, pressed down and running over, that's His measure, and that's the measure He's given Mistress Lettice and Master Roger at last, and thee and me, this many a year. Good measure, with his sign and mark on it to show it *is* good, and no counterfeit."

Aunt Dorothy was the only one among us who thought it necessary to temper Roger and Lettice's content with dark forebodings.

"It is no smooth sea, dear heart," said she to Lettice, "thy bark is launched upon, nor can ye remain long in any haven."

"I know that I have married a soldier," replied Lettice, "and a soldier in a warfare which has no discharges. I know his lot, and I have chosen it for mine, Aunt Dorothy."

"Aunt Dorothy" fell from her lips for the first time like a caress. There was always a kind of sweet easy majesty about Lettice, which made her caresses seem a dignity as well as a delight, and Aunt Dorothy for the time ceased her forebodings. Her love for Lettice was stronger than she confessed

or knew, and she was always more easily led by Lettice than by any amongst us to take a brighter view of things and men. Not that Aunt Dorothy was one given to moan or whine. She did not dread suffering, but she believed it her duty to dread joy, and was therefore ever wont to shadow sunny days with the severe foresight of evil days to come. Dark days indeed were her bright days, since on these she permitted herself to enjoy such stray sunbeams as rarely fail to break through the darkest.

During three years after Roger and Lettice's marriage we kept much at Netherby. Sir Walter's failing health made him choose the quiet of his country home. Moreover, the doings of that degraded Court, which the loyal Mr. Evelyn called "rather a luxurious and abandoned rout than a Court," displeased the old Cavalier of the Court of Charles the First as much as it did any Puritan amongst us. Except for the contrast which made it yet bitterer for us who had hoped much from the Commonwealth, and remembered Milton dwelling at Whitehall, and the blameless family of the Protector making a pure English home, with dignified courtly festivities and family prayer, where now the eager contests of the gaming-table and wretched French songs resounded, on Sundays as well as on other

days, through the apartments where the King's mistresses reigned.

An alliance grew up between Aunt Dorothy, Sir Walter, and good Dr. Rich. Aunt Dorothy could never so far forgive my father, Roger, my husband, or Job Forster, for turning (as she believed) liberty into license, and lawful resistance into rebellion, as to consort with them again as of the same party. With Sir Walter she had a broad common ground in their loyalty to the late king, their lamentations over the present Court, their general admiration of the nobleness of the past, and their general hopelessness as to the future. But with Dr. Rich her sympathies were deeper. He would bring her passages from St. Austin, which she thought only second to St. Paul; and, in return, she would acknowledge that there was one passage which she had not once understood as she ought, and that was, "Resist not the power, for they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation." She agreed with Mr. Baxter and Mr. Henry as to the duty of attending, at least occasionally, the services in the church established by law. And he agreed that from primitive times private assemblies for edification in twos and threes were not forbidden.

Sometimes, indeed, they had debates.

"England also has now her St. Bartholomew,"

she said once, "and no doubt she will have her retribution. Charles the Ninth of France died in agonies of remorse soon after that fatal day of the execution of the Huguenots."

"We also have our Anniversaries, madam," he replied. "On the eve of St. Bartholomew's day seventeen years ago, the Commonwealth prohibited the use of the Common Prayer even in private. That also is an anniversary. And some might say *this* St. Bartholomew is the retribution. God forbid I should accuse Him of punishing one injustice by another. But by all means let us avoid predictions. Even agonies of remorse are not the most hopeless end of guilty souls."

"Yet," said my father, "nothing is more safe than predictions of retribution. Most men being likely to suffer, and all men being sure to die, what can be safer than to threaten either affliction or death, or both, to those we deem guilty? It seems to me," he continued, "an endless and fruitless toil to make up the balance of accounts between the churches as to persecution. Perhaps all that can be said is, that those who have had the least power have had the privilege of inflicting the least wrong. He who ruled England once said, 'He never yet knew the sect who, when in power, would allow liberty to the rest!'"

"That person was for license," interposed Aunt Dorothy. "Heaven forbid we should call that liberty."

"Ay, sister Dorothy, no doubt," said my father, smiling, "in the opinion of many sects liberty to any other is license. That was what the Protector thought. Be thankful that you have no chance just now of *making* a St. Bartholomew of your own."

"That unhappy man has had his retribution, brother," said Aunt Dorothy, solemnly; "let us leave him and his politics in peace."

"But, sir," rejoined my father, turning to Dr. Rich, "after all, the worst retributions surely are *in* our sins. The loss of the soul in sinning must be greater than any subsequent loss in suffering; and I confess, to me no severer retribution seems possible to the Church which inflicts this present wrong than the wrong itself, the loss of two thousand of her most fervent and holy pastors, and the rending from her of the tens of thousands who revere and follow them. The losses of churches after all are not in livings, but in lives; not in money, but in men."

Bitter and biting, indeed, were the times around us, yet the prisons of those days were more honourable than the palaces. Better beyond comparison any disgrace and suffering that reckless Court could inflict than the disgrace of belonging to it.

With two thousand good ministers and their families thrown destitute on the world, it was impossible that any of those who honoured them could feel their own possessions anything but a trust to be scrupulously husbanded for their succour. Many hundreds also were in prison, though none, I rejoice to think, of those two thousand were ever in prison for debt. Then there were the Quakers, who bore the brunt of the battle, carrying passive resistance as close to action as possible, and persisting in meeting in public assemblies, though certain to be dispersed by constables or soldiers, with wounds or loss of life.

Indeed it was for this reason amongst others we kept away from London during the years following the passing the Act of Uniformity, in the hope of keeping Annis Nye out of the peril we knew she would confront if near enough to attend a meeting of Friends.

It was not any one party in the state whose hearts began to fail, but the good men of all parties.

It was no longer Royalists or Roundheads only that were sinking, but England. It was not Puritanism or Presbyterianism only that the Court affronted, but righteousness, purity, and truth.

Already the weapons of ecclesiastical or theo-

logical controversy, the subtle and "unanswerable" arguments wherewith Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, Erastians, Calvinists, Arminians, Semi-Arminians, and all the sixty sects Mr. Baxter had enumerated, had been assailing each other during the past years, seemed to hang rusting over our heads, as mere curious antiquities, such as the bills and crossbows our ancestors had used in the wars of the Roses.

The contest was being carried to other ground; to the oldest battle-field of all, and the most plainly marked.

As Job Forster said, —

"There's a good deal of the fighting that's been done these last years, Mistress Olive, that's been a sore puzzle to a plain man like me. I mean the wars with words as well as with swords. Friend and foe used so much the same battle-cries, and fought under banners so much alike, that when a man had gained a victory, it wasn't always easy to see whether to make it a day of humiliation or of thanksgiving. The safest way was to make it both. And after *he who could see for us all* was taken from our head, things got clean hopeless, and it was all shooting in the dark. But now there's a kind of doleful comfort in putting by all the long hard words with which Christians fight each other, and taking

up for weapons the Ten Commandments. A man feels more sure anyway they can't hit wrong. There's been a deal of fighting and a deal of talking these last years, and seems to me now as if the Almighty were calling us all to a Quaker's silent meeting, to keep still a bit, and mind our own business. Perhaps when the talking and the fighting begin again, they'll both be the better for the silence."

XI.

Lettice's Diary.

DAVENANT HALL, *October* 1664. — The blow has fallen on us at last. Aunt Dorothy and Annis Nye are together in prison at Newgate.

Annis was the first taken. Olive being for a time in London, nothing could keep the maiden from attending the forbidden meeting of Quakers, held at the Bull and Mouth, Bishopsgate. And so it happened that, one night, they looked for her return in vain, and Dr. Antony going to search for her, found that the assembly had been broken up by the soldiers with violence, and that among those seized and thrown into prison was Annis Nye. They would have paid anything, or taken any pains to rescue her, but the peculiar difficulty in the case of the imprisonment of the Quakers is, that they will do nothing and suffer nothing to be done, which would in any way recognize the justice of their sentence. The magistrate in this case (as in another which occurred at the same time) was willing to have set Annis free, if she would have given any pledge to abstain from attending such meetings in future. But she said, —

"Ask me not to do aught against my conscience! If I were set free to-day I must go to-morrow, if the Lord so willed me, to meet the Friends at the Bull and Mouth."

Nor would she suffer bail to be given. And so she was sentenced to be carried beyond seas to the plantations in Jamaica — she and divers other Quakers, men and women; the men being sentenced to Barbadoes, and the women to Jamaica.

Aunt Dorothy's heart was moved for the maid; but, nevertheless, she shook her head, and said she had always prophesied such wilfulness could have no other end.

"It was a pity," said she, "the rashness of such disorderly people should throw discredit on the sufferings of sober Christians."

For she still clung to the belief that there was a legal submission, a conformity to the furthest limit possibly compatible with fidelity to conscience, which must be a safeguard for the personal liberty of those who, like Mr. Baxter and herself, rigidly kept within it.

But she was soon to be driven from this last point of hope. In July the Conventicle Act came into action, ordering that any religious meetings in private houses or elsewhere, of more than five people

besides the household, rendered those who attended them liable to imprisonment or fines.

And from that time no Puritan gentleman, who had an enemy base enough to inform against him, or happened to come in the way of a common mercenary informer, could be safe. Some even deemed it unsafe to say a grace when five strangers were present.

At Netherby, a few of the villagers had always been wont to join the family prayer from time to time.

At the time of the coming of the Conventicle Act into operation, Aunt Dorothy chanced to be alone in the house, the rest of the family being in London, and she scorned to make any change.

On Sunday morning, an ill-looking suspicious stranger dropped in on their morning exercise. And on the next the constables made their appearance at the same hour, and arrested Aunt Dorothy in the king's name.

The servants talked of resistance, and the constables suggested bail, but Aunt Dorothy refused either: the first, from loyalty to the king; the second from loyalty to truth. She was guilty of no offence against God or the king, said she, and was ready to stand her trial.

Accordingly she is in Newgate, and Roger is in

London, doing all he can, in conjunction with Mr. Drayton and Dr. Antony, to effect her liberation.

Twelfth Night, 1665. — I little thought that ever again, while we are both on earth, anything should separate Roger and me.

I had gone over, as I thought, all possible dangers, and resolved that, in all, duty must keep me by his side. Exile, war, imprisonment, all I would share. What duty could ever arise so strong as my duty to cleave to him?

And yet now Roger lies in prison in London, and I am imprisoned here, kept from him by soft ties of duty stronger than bolts of iron.

For in the cradle by my side, breathing the sweet even breath of an infant's sleep, lies our little Harry Davenant Drayton.

And in the next chamber, with the door open between, lies my father, sleeping the feverish broken sleep of sickness, from time to time calling me to his side by an uneasy moan or a restless movement; scarcely able to bear me out of his sight.

Roger was arrested for speaking some words of good cheer to a little company who had gathered at early dawn in a solitary place to hear their ancient pastor. The pastor had been thrown into prison, and the poor flock waited in vain. Roger came to tell them of their pastor's imprisonment, said a short

prayer and a few words of good counsel, and would thus have heartened and then dismissed them, when the officers came and seized him. Strange that he, so little given to overmuch discourse, should be in prison for speaking.

There were no bonfires or festivities to-day, as on that Twelfth-night, all but a quarter of a century since, when all Netherby, my seven brothers and I, made merry around the winter bonfires; that night which was nigh costing Roger so dear; all life and all the Civil War before us, then as unknown as to-morrow now!

How scattered the company who met then! On battlefield, and lonely heath, and in the silent church; in this old house (which feels almost as lonely and silent now), and in prison.

Yet better now than then, in many ways, and for most of us. Some of the dearest, who could never have rested here, at rest for ever above. Roger with a rest in his heart no prison can rob him of. And my father nearer my mother, I think, than ever before in heart and soul.

I read the Prayer-book to him often, and the Bible. He makes little comment, but loves to listen, and asks for the chapters and hymns my mother loved best. And sometimes he asks me what com-

forted her most when she thought of dying. And I tell him, —

“Christ our Lord. The thought of Him; all He said, did, and suffered on earth; Himself living now in heaven. All else, she said, was Hades, the Invisible. But Christ had become Visible; had been manifested, seen, touched, and handled.” “God refuses us all such poor pictures,” said she, “as Pagans and Mussulmans have of their paradises and elysiums; all pictures, except such as it is plain are *not* pictures, but symbols; either because they contradict themselves — as ‘gold like transparent glass,’ and seas ‘mingled with fire’ — or, because we are told they are symbols, like the living water and the Tree of Life. The other world remains to us Hades. But Christ the Lord has been seen by mortal eyes, held in the mortal arms of a mortal mother. His feet bathed with tears and kissed by the lips of an adoring, penitent woman. His hand laid with healing touch on the leper none else would touch. His hands nailed to a cross, for us, and His feet; the prints of the nails seen by Thomas; His voice heard on the slopes of Olivet, by the sea-side, by the well. Christ the Lord was heard and seen,” she said. “And that makes all the Hades a place not of darkness, but of light to me, where my human heart can long to be, to adore Him, and yet remain human.”

“Did she say that?” my father says. “Did she say that? Then that is what I can understand too. Even *she* could have seen nothing but a blank of darkness in it but for Him; but for Him. Then, sweet heart, no wonder I seem like groping in the dark sometimes. I who have so much more sin to be forgiven, and so much less faith to see.”

Then once I told him how that horror of thick darkness came on me when she died, and how it was shone away by the Apostles' Creed. And he listened, gazing at me as if his soul were living on the words. Then I read him the gospels; especially the stories of the resurrection.

And then often, again and again, he asks me to repeat what my mother said. And each time, instead of growing dull by repetition, it seems to grow living to us both.

So I can have no doubt that my place is here, and not in the prison with Roger, where otherwise it would indeed be liberation to me to go.

January 30th, 1665.— No word from the prison for some days. The snow is white on all the breadths of the Fens, bounded only like the sea by the gray sky, broken only by the Mere, black with ice, and by the dark limbs of the trees which have stripped themselves like athletes to fight the winter storms.

Sixteen years since they laid the king, amidst the falling snow, among his fathers, in the Chapel at Windsor.

How little our sentences avail!

Executed this day sixteen years as a murderer and traitor; celebrated to-day in every church throughout the land as a martyr of blessed memory; while the bones of those who put him to death lie mouldering under the gallows!

Yet who shall say that the final sentence is given yet? Higher and higher the cause is carried, from tribunal to tribunal; from the angry present to the calm-judging generations to come; from these again to the Tribunal above, from which there is no appeal.

Of what avail for us to judge?

The sentence is *given* there already; given, and *known* to those whom it most concerns.

What matters it what we are prattling about it here below?

My husband has left among his papers some letters and journals from the other side of the sea, which are well worn by much reading, and noted on the margin in many places; so that in reading them I converse with him, and find much comfort every way, both in the text and the comment.

The simple story goes straight to my heart,

nerves and braces it at once. Never, I think, were sufferings borne with more of courage and less of repining.

Frost, famine, salt water freezing on their scanty clothing till it was hard as the Ironsides' armour. Then "vehement" coughs came on, "hectic," and consumption. Still they bore cheerfully on. Out of the hundred, seventeen died in the first February after their landing, sixteen in March; sometimes three died in a day. At last, at the end of the winter, of one hundred persons, scarce fifty remained; the living scarce able to bury the dead, the well not sufficient to tend the sick. And in a notice which touches me to the quick, the journal says: —

"While we were busy about our seed, our governor, Mr. Carver, comes out of the field very sick, complains greatly of his head; within a few hours his senses fail, so as he speaks no more; and, in a few days after, dies, to our great lamentation and heaviness. His care and pains were so great for the common good, as therewith 'twas thought he oppressed himself and shortened his days; of whose loss we cannot sufficiently complain: and his wife deceases about five or six weeks after."

She, belike, did not complain of his loss. She endured; and died.

And shall I complain while *Roger lives*? And of bodily hardship I know nothing; though that, indeed, is scarce the hardest.

Half the exiles dead; yet the rest never lost heart or distrusted God, but went on, and toiled and conquered; — made a home and a refuge for their brethren; — began a New World.

The sorrows were borne in unrepining silence, as knowing God the Father would not try them on many that could be spared. The mercies are recorded with grateful minuteness.

After their first harvest from seed saved from half-starving mouths, they appointed an annual Thanksgiving Day; afterwards, after a time, an annual fast. But the thanksgiving came first. And they made it a right merry day; preparing for it by a holiday of hunting game for the feast. A wholesome and not gloomy piety theirs seems to me, like John Bunyan's. Moreover, they have eyes to see. The journal tells of forests "compassing about to the very sea, with oaks, pines, ash, walnut, birch, holly, juniper, sassafras, and other sweet wood;" of forest paths and sweet brooks; of quiet pools and deep grassy valleys; of vines, too, and strawberries; and sorrel and yarrow, and cherry-trees and plum-trees.

Deer range the forests, and wilder animals. One

poor man, whose feet were "pitifully ill" with the cold, crept abroad into the woods with a spaniel. A little way from the plantation, two wolves ran after the dog, who fled between his legs for succour. He had nothing in his hand, but took up a stick, and threw at one of them, and hit him. They ran away, but came again. He got a pale-board in his hand, and "they sat on their tail, grinning at him a good while, and then went their way, and left him."

Cranes and mallards waded about the marshy places and plashed in the pools; and now and then they started partridges and "milky-white fowl;" and birds sang pleasantly among the trees.

The world seems so wholesome there, so adventurous, so full of life. Sometimes I think, if Roger were out of prison, one day I should like to go there with him and our babe, and all the rest; away from the conflicts of this distracted land, out of the way of courts and prisons and Conventicle Acts, to conquer some more homes from the wilderness.

But, perhaps, this is only restlessness and repining; in which case I should be no worthy member of such a company.

I wonder if Roger ever thought of this, and never liked to mention it to me, knowing how I love

the old country and the old church; the pages are so well-worn and so carefully noted. When we meet again, at all events, I will show him I am ready for anything he deems good. "Thy country shall be my country; whither thou goest I will go; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried."

Yes; none can rob me ever more of that sacred right.

February 2nd. — A letter from Roger from the prison. Brief enough, as his letters and speeches for the most part are, yet marvellously lengthy for him.

"Our case is but little to be commiserated," he writes, "being so much lighter than that of others, and we trust soon to be ended."

"I might, indeed, have as fair a room as at Netherby, and as good eggs, cheese, butter, and bacon as a soldier could wish for, sold here in the prison."

"But no man, hale and strong (as I am, sweet heart, so never be downcast), could know that hundreds of men and women, imprisoned for much the same cause as we, are under the same roof, ill-clad, ill-fed, and worse lodged, and enjoy his feast alone."

"The Quakers, as usual, provoke the charge,

and bear the brunt of it. The men's sleeping-room till lately, was a great bare chamber with hammocks hung between a pillar in the midst and the wall, in three tiers, one above another; the air, by the morning, enough to breed a pestilence. God grant it do not. For although this is somewhat mended, these crowded prisons are little better than pest-houses at the best. And pestilences do not stay where they begin. Whitehall is not so far from Newgate but that the poison might spread. The Friends outside do what they can to succour, clothe, and feed those within, arranging their help with a singular order and care. But much is left for us to aid in. Wherefore, sweet heart, send what warm woolseys and wholesome country food thou canst. Leonard Antony will bring it and see it well bestowed.

"We have good hope of deliverance, by payment of sundry fines and other moneys. Annis Nye, we fear, is sentenced to the plantations in Jamaica. But Aunt Dorothy will, no doubt, speedily be free, and bring thee tidings. So God keep thee and the babe. And be of good cheer. I was never of better heart. Farewell.

"*P. S.* — Thy brother Walter hath been to see me. He was much moved. And he is doing what he can for our release. But he looks sorely aged and changed."

February 10th. — Aunt Dorothy is at Netherby again.

She looks thin and pale after such prison-fare and lodging. She brings certain tidings that Roger will soon be free.

Her wrath seems chiefly directed against the exactions of the prison-officers.

“Harpies!” said she, “unconscionable harpies. I would not have given a groat of good money to fill their unhallowed coffers, by buying the rancid lard and fetid oil they dare to call butter and bacon, or demeaned myself to ask them the favour of a lodging separate from the vagabonds and purse-pickers, had it not been for that poor wilful maid, Annis Nye. She looked like a ghost or a corpse; with the eyes of an angel, and the courage of a lion. Yea, the courage of a lion more than the meekness of a martyr. Brave I say she is as any woman ever was. And brave the Quakers are. But meek I never will call them. One of them was imprisoned for ‘finishing a job,’ mending shoes, on the Sabbath morning! ‘On religious principles,’ quoth he: breaking the Sabbath ‘on religious grounds!’ And when in prison he let them nearly whip him to death, rather than confess himself guilty by doing the malefactors’ prison work. Indeed, he would have died but for the tender nursing of Mr.

Thomas Ellwood and the other Friends, dressing his wounds with balsams. For that they are friendly to each other, these fanatics, no one can deny; brave and friendly; but meek — surely they are not. I had almost to belie myself by pretending to want a waiting-woman (a bondage I hate), before I could prevail on that poor maid to let me have her in a room apart, and nurse and cherish her as she needed. For she had been sorely bruised and wounded in the scattering of the meeting, where the soldiers took her; and had been busier since with her ‘concerns’ and her ‘callings,’ to all seeming, than with mollifying her wounds and bruises. I am a woman of no weak nerve, niece Lettice, but my heart sickened when I came to see how she must have suffered. And she as patient as a lamb; dumb and patient those Quakers can be. I will never deny that; dumb and patient, brave and friendly. And now there she is again alone, without a creature in their sober senses near her to keep her from her ‘concerns’ and her ‘calls.’ There she is with ever so many others, sentenced to ‘service’ in Jamaica.”

When Job Forster heard this sentence, he brushed his hand across his eyes.

“Poor maid! poor, pleasant, wilful maid!” said he. But before long he seemed to take a more cheerful view.

"Perhaps it's for the best, after all, Mistress Lettice. Who knows but she might have been seized with a concern to go to preach to the Grand Turk, or the Pope, or the Dey of Algiers? Several of the women Friends have done such things. Not that the Turks are the worst foes for a Quaker. They listen to them as meek as lambs, for they think they are mad; and they think the Almighty speaks through mad people. And then they escort them out of the country, as gracious as may be, and I don't see what any saint could do better with a Quaker, poor blind infidels though those Turks be. Nay, the Turks are not the worst danger for a Quaker. She might have had a concern to go to New England, to testify, as others of her sect have done, against the severity of their treatment there. And New England, they do say, is about the hottest place a Quaker can go to just now. They don't listen to them, like the poor Turks. And they do escort them out of the country; but not graciously. They beat them from town to town, and threaten them with the gallows if they come back again; which makes it a stronger temptation than any Quaker can resist to go back as soon as they can."

This is a great perplexity to me. I thought the people in New England had gone there on account of religious liberty. I must ask Roger.

February 17th. — Roger is with us again; scarce the worse for his imprisonment, except a little hollow in the cheeks, and a good deal of want of repair in his clothes. I see he did not use the clothes I had made.

“A little more in good campaigning order,” he says, if I attempt to condole; “a little relieved of over-abundance of flesh. That is all.”

It is the way of the Draytons generally, and of Roger in particular, that their spirits rise beyond the ordinary level in a storm. I suppose the family has been used to stormy weather so long that they feel it their element. They are at home in it, and like it.

I have asked him about New England. His face quite beamed, and his tongue seemed unloosed, when he found the thought of going to the plantations was not so terrible to me.

He confessed that he had often thought it might be the best resource, if things do not mend here, but had shrunk from mentioning it to me.

“We are all cowards, in some direction,” he said, with a smile. “How was I to know, sweet heart, I had married a Deborah, whose heart would never fail?”

“Thou dost not despair for England?” I said.

“God forbid!” said he. “But the lives of na-

tions count by centuries, and ours by years, and that but precariously. And, meantime, while there is so little to be done here, I have sometimes thought we might serve the old country best by extending her dominion and anticipating her freedom in the new."

"But," said I, "I cannot make out about this freedom. Job Forster says they are by no means gentle to Quakers."

He paused a little.

"The Quakers are not quite content with quietly pursuing their own way," he said. "With all their objections to war and teaching of passive resistance, their warfare is certainly not on the defensive, but a continual assault on other sects. And at present the New England plantations are struggling, not 'for wellbeing, but for being;' which is a struggle in which men are apt to make rough terms. By-and-by, they will feel stronger, and be gentler; and the Quakers, seeing that every man's hand is no longer against them, will cease to set their tongues against every man."

"But I scarce think," he added, after a pause, in that low tone to which his voice always naturally falls when he speaks of his old general, "that the place is yet to be found on earth where such liberty exists as the Protector would have had in England.

It has scarce come, however, to the alternative of exile yet. I cannot think that England will be steeped much longer in this Lethe of false loyalty, forgetting not Eliot and Hampden, and the Commonwealth alone, but Magna Charta, and all her history; all that makes her England."

XII.

Lettice's Diary.

Continued.

LONDON, *April* 1665. — The last weeks of watching by my father's sick-bed are over. No bitterness mingles with the sorrow. At first it seemed as if we could do nothing but give thanks for the peace and patience of those last days; and the rest for the spirit, so weary and hopeless as to this world and its future — so full of lowly, trembling hope as to the other.

Then came the ebbing back of the tide of affection in a tide of grief, the sense of blank and loss that must come; and Roger thought it best I should leave the old scenes altogether for a while, and come to Olive's home.

For the old home at the Hall can never be a home for us again.

Roland and his wife took possession at once, with workmen from town, and a train of new servants. Happily, my father had pensioned many of the old household.

My sister-in-law has remodelled my mother's oratory, and the old places so sacred to me, as she wished, after the newest fashions at Whitehall.

But these changes in things, however sacred, are little indeed, compared with the changes in people; the evil influences brought into the household and the village by the dissolute train of serving men and women, trained in the wicked manners of the Court.

LONDON, *May* 1665. — The Spring seems to unfold her robes slowly this year, and feebly, like a butterfly I saw yesterday, in which life was so low that it died whilst struggling out of its chrysalis. There has been much drought. The scant foliage in the parks and by the road-sides grows old and gray with dust and drought almost as soon as it is out.

There have been comets and strange sights in the sky this winter. Aunt Dorothy thinks they are for the nation's sins; but Mr. Drayton, who attends the lectures of the Royal Society at Gresham College, says they have to do with the revolutions of the heavens, not with the revolution in England. "The signs of the times," says he, "are not in the sky, but in the Whitehall gaming-tables." But Aunt Dorothy shakes her head, and says the Royal Society,

the Quakers, and the Court together, are fast undermining the faith of the people.

There are rumours that one or two poor folk in the villages of St. Giles and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, between Westminster and the City, lie sick with a malady men like not well to name.

But all just goes on as usual. The king feeds the wild-fowl and plays pall-mall in the park, with the throng of idlers about him.

There is little, indeed, at Whitehall to recall that it ever was what Roger and the foreign ambassadors say it was in the days of the Commonwealth — a virtuous, princely home; still less to make it possible to think the king recalls it as the scene of his father's martyrdom. A gaming-house, where wicked women are lodged, and fill the galleries night and day with licentious revelry; where the wife sits apart, neglected and despised, while her husband spends her fortune on the mistress with whom he compels her to associate!

Is there no English gentleman left, no relic of old knighthood, that these things can be?

Queen was a sacred name to the Cavaliers of my youth. Were there no Cavaliers left when the young queen, after patiently sitting apart some time in her neglected corner of the room while the base throng, with the king at their head, gathered around

the mistress — at length rose and withdrew to hide her bitter tears in her chamber; — were there none of the old Cavaliers left to rally indignantly round her and shame the king back to her? Were there no English gentlewomen left to uphold her in the courageous and womanly resistance she dared at first to make to the degradation of such company as the king forced on her? — To say to her, “For his sake and your own, never yield to such dishonour! Better weep alone, neglected for life, a widowed wife, than stoop to be but the first of such a company!”

Alas! now, poor lady, she has learned to hide her indignation, and to converse freely with those any man with a spark of true manhood in him, profligate though he might be, would have kept from her sight.

And some still speak of the king as a model of grace and courtesy, and extol his infinite jest and wit; contrasting the polish of these refined days with the rough, soldierly jokes of the usurper!

These days refined, and those coarse! Roger says there is more coarseness in the most polished compliment of this hollow Court than in the roughest joke a man like Cromwell could ever make. Just as there is more coarseness in the theatre now established than in the rudest jests in Shakspeare,

whose plays the king's courtiers and mistresses are too "polite" to act, and the courtiers too "polite" to enjoy.

For the royal favourites now are to be seen on the stage. The "lady" now, they say, does not reign alone. The poor young queen has this wretched revenge, at least, that the king can be constant to no love, lawful or not.

Bear and bull baiting, too, are restored among the "refinements" of the Court. But, perchance, I am the bitterer on this, in that this degradation presses me so close. The gleam of better hope that broke on us for Walter, when he appeared at our marriage and was reconciled to my father, has long since vanished; and he is swept away again in the whirlpool of the Court.

It is this which obliges me to think of evils from which otherwise I might turn my eyes.

This Dance of Satyrs is to my brother, indeed, a Dance of Death. These fires of sin are burning away his very life and soul, and none can quench them.

June 3rd. — The numbers of poor sick folk in St. Giles' and St. Martin's have increased fearfully. The nobles and rich men take alarm; many houses are deserted; the roads crowded with coaches full of fugitives.

The Plague is amongst us! The Plague!

To none of us not yet beyond middle life are the terrors of that word fully known. Mr. Drayton, Aunt Dorothy, and the aged know the meaning of the word too well. In 1636, nearly thirty years ago, was the last great desolation of the City. Before that it recurred, with more or less force, every few years. Then it swept away a fifth of the inhabitants. But for the last sixteen years it has been scarcely seen in London; merely four or five people in the year, in the lowest districts, dying of it, and so preventing its being altogether forgotten.

Said Aunt Dorothy: "The Commonwealth was not all a godly people could wish. But during the Commonwealth the Plague did not visit the City. That scourge, at all events, was not deemed needful. Now the Court has come back — or I should not say come *back* — such a Court as was never known has come to us from those wicked, foreign, Popish parts: and with the Court comes the Plague."

"The real Plague has been among us some years," said Mr. Drayton. "Heaven grant this Plague may be the purification. But take heed, sister Dorothy, take heed how we interpret Providence before the time. The scourge has fallen on too many of late for us to say too hastily this is the Father's rod, and that is the Lictor's; or this is the

King's accolade to smite his servant into knighthood, from the lower place of service to the higher. What sayest thou, sister Gretel?"

"For me, brother," she replied, "there is little temptation to be too quick to interpret, because I am so slow to understand. So I find it the safest way, when the rod falls on others, to hope it is, as thou sayest, the King's accolade. When it falls on myself, I know well enough it is the Father's rod — the loving Father's loving chastening, yet sorely needed."

But Aunt Dorothy set her lips rigidly.

"Some men's sins are open beforehand," said she, "going before to judgment. And all men say it does seem very notable just now that death seizes most on the profane, and seems to pass the sober and religious people by."

June 3rd. — Rumours of a great victory over the Dutch Fleet. The news scarce stirs up the smitten city to the faintest semblance of joy or triumph. Yet are victories not so frequent now as to be made common.

June 25th. — The Court has fled to Oxford. Whitehall is empty and silent. That mockery, at least, is gone out of sight of the people's misery.

The Court has fled, and the good Nonconformist

ministers have come back, and are allowed to preach in the churches from which they were driven.

June 30th. — We have held a family consultation to-day whether to stay or go. Roger and Leonard Antony had no doubt of their duty.

Many of the physicians have left (to attend their fugitive patients, they say), which makes it all the more needful, Dr. Antony thinks, for him to remain.

Many of the clergy also (though by no means all), have fled (to tend their fugitive flocks, they say). And Roger deems it the plain duty of a Christian man, who is here already by Providence placed in the midst of the peril, to stay, and give what help he can to the stricken and the bereaved, by counsel, alms, and words of Christian hope. This is the kind of season that unlocks Roger's lips. He grows eloquent, when dying men and women look to him to lift their hearts to God. At least, the few words he speaks are eloquent, and refresh the heart like cold water after a burning drought — cold and fresh, because of the deep places from which it comes.

They tried a little to persuade Olive and me and the children to seek refuge elsewhere.

But not much, seeing that all persuasion could be of no avail to move us to this.

Thank God, it is *not* my duty to be parted from him now. God spares us this agony.

Indeed, there is one mitigation to the anguish of this time of terrors. Death comes to many households now almost as the Glorious Epiphany for which my mother looked; as it were with a great trumpet, in the twinkling of an eye, smiting whole families together, without parting, from earth to heaven.

For what richer mercy could we ask?

July. — The sunny sky, unshaded by a cloud, still smiles its terrible steady stony smile on the doomed city; like a countenance which despair has smitten into idiotic vacancy; like an eye from which madness has dried the tears.

It is strange to have such leisure as we have now to listen and think. For in one thing Roger and Dr. Antony are firm. They will not suffer us to go into the infected streets, nor indeed to leave the garden, save by the water-gate, to give the children fresh air in the meadows by the river.

We keep everything as much as possible in its wonted, even course. Our family prayer and psalm have not been omitted once; Roger's father leading it, for Roger and Leonard are seldom present.

Maidie and Dolly sew and help us in the house, where there is much to do; since we held it duty by

no means to suffer our servants to remain in the infected city, unwilling as they were to depart. Aunt Gretel, Aunt Dorothy, and Olive, therefore, do the kitchen and the household work, and I and the young maidens help all we can; although (being brought up too helplessly) I am not of half the use I would be.

This regular even living Dr. Antony deems the best precaution. He believes a feverish convulsive kind of religion is as dangerous as any other excitement, and that we have great need at such (as at all) times of the exhortation, *Study to be quiet, and to do your own business.*

Much as he honours those who preach in the churches, he could desire that their exhortations were sometimes less alarming. The people are roused and alarmed enough, he says, by the pestilence. Death itself is preaching the Alarm and the Call to the unconverted. What sermon can preach "Prepare" like Ten Thousand Deaths in a week? The preachers should preach Christ and His peace, he thinks. And so no doubt many do.

The magistrates do what they can to produce the same regularity in the city. London is not wholly abandoned by all her rulers in her sore need. Bread is as abundant and cheap as ever, though it must be brought to us at some peril.

There is a great quiet in the streets. No holiday processions now. The merry-makers are all gone from the city, or from the world. No funeral processions. There are no burials, except by night. The city is dying. But there are no tolling bells, no reverent slow steps of the mourning train. The magistrates dare not let the mourners go about the streets by day.

Death is stripped of all the pomps with which we seek to hide its terrors, and stands bare. The only funeral procession is the dead-cart with its ghastly drivers; the dead-cart met at the head of each alley with shrieks of despair which break the silence of the night. Twice the drivers of that cart were lost, and the horses rushed wildly on. But no one knows if the drivers died or fled. The general tomb is that dark Pit in the fields where the dead are thrown at midnight; of which we scarce dare even think.

The pestilence makes no distinction that any of us can understand now. Aunt Dorothy has well-nigh given up seeking to read God's judgments, which at first she and many thought so distinct and distinguishing.

Yet amid all these horrors there are alleviations such as sometimes do make the meaning shine

through them, as if they were illuminated from within.

Divisions have ceased. Instead of disputing questions of precedence as on a mock battle-field, Christians draw inward to the citadel, which is the sole and common refuge of us all.

Mere religious *talk* has ceased.

People whose talk is deeper than their life, do not *dare* to talk, for fear of having to prove their words the same hour in dying.

People whose life lies deeper than their speech, do not *need* to talk of what they feel. The peace which sets them free to serve and comfort all around, speaks enough, with very few words.

Persecution has ceased.

The pestilence, with its cruel Act of Uniformity, has altogether annulled that of the king. Divers of the ejected ministers, now that ten thousand are dying in a week, have resolved that no obligations whatever to the laws of mortal men can justify them in neglecting men's souls and bodies in such extremities. They therefore stay, or return. They go into the forsaken pulpits unforbidden, to preach to the poor people before they die; also they visit the sick, and get such relief as they can for the poor, especially those who are shut up in the smitten houses.

The fear, and the hope, which at first made people avoid each other, have passed together. And the churches are crowded whenever any preach who speak as if they testified what they knew.

"Religion," Roger says, "is gaining such a hold of numbers of these weeping, silent listeners, as, living or dying, will not be loosed again."

And (unless the ordinary Puritan preaching is different from any I ever heard, or thought to hear) the sermons are such as the evident possibility of the preachers never preaching another, and the certainty of many of the congregations never hearing another, alone can make them.

They are messages; not statements, or arguments; scarcely so much appeals as messages. The calmest allusion to danger penetrates the heart like the archangel's trumpet, when ten thousand dying lips are echoing it.

"You are lost — wandering and lost in sin."

That has a strange power, when we know it to be true, and see before us the edge of the abyss.

"The Son of God has come to seek and to save the lost."

He Himself, not the destroyer, but the Saviour, is here, seeking the lost now; not to judge but to save.

God has so loved the world; not hated, let these

horrors say what they may — not forgotten — but *loved*; not willed this poor darkened world to perish, let these grass-grown streets, and these shutters rattling against the empty houses, these midnight burials of thousands, these death-wails, this death-silence, say what they will, *not to perish*; the true perishing, the perishing in sin, of sin, is not His will, never His will, but the being *saved*, out of sin, and from sin. *This* salvation is as near you as the plague. Nay, the plague is only the merciful thunder calling to it.

Few words are needed to move men now; no new words. The older the better. If the old forgotten words once lisped at a mother's knee, better than all.

O Walter! Walter! my brother! Art thou here still in this plague-smitten city, or hast thou fled with that Court smitten with a plague so infinitely more terrible? Would God thou wert here to hear those sacred words of heavenly forgiveness and strength, echoed back to thy heart once more, as from our mother's lips, from among these congregations of dying men!

August 25th. — It has come close to us at last.

Our door is marked with the fatal red cross now.

The sweetest and ripest souls among us — Roger's

father and Aunt Gretel — have been stricken, and are gone home.

Seven mornings since, before daybreak, I was resting on my bed, having watched through the night, when I heard the latch of the garden-door, which was left open for Roger and Dr. Antony, softly lifted. I thought it might be Roger, and crept down-stairs.

At the door I met Annis Nye.

Her face was pale and worn, but serene as ever, and her voice as calm.

"I heard that you were all here, without any to serve you," she said, "and I thought that was a call to me to come."

"Do you know into what peril you come?" I asked.

"I saw the plague sign on the street door," she said; "so I came round through the garden."

I clasped her in my arms, and kissed her, and wept. Tears are not common with us now; but I could not help these. Generous deeds always touch the spring of tears, I think, more easily than sorrow.

What was stranger than my being thus moved, when Aunt Dorothy came down and saw Annis, and

heard why she had come, she did as I had done; she took the maiden to her heart and wept.

But what sounded stranger yet in that house and city of death, when the children saw her, they made the hushed house ring for a moment with their joyous welcomes.

"Annis is at home again!" they said; "Annis is safe. She will nurse us all, and keep every one quiet, and we shall all get well."

Meantime, Mistress Dorothy had busied herself preparing food, which she set before Annis, and with difficulty persuaded her to take a little bread and milk.

She had a strange story to tell, and she told it in few words, as was her wont, at our questioning.

"I and other women Friends were sentenced to the plantations in Jamaica," she said. "But the ship-masters refused to take us. They held our sentence unjust, and feared the judgment of the Lord if they meddled with us. At last one was found who took us, he being denied a pass down the river from the plague-smitten city unless he covenanted to carry us. They had trouble in getting some of us on board. For they would not acknowledge their sentence so far as to climb willingly into the ship. So they had to be hoisted on board like merchandise. To this I was not called. For which

I was thankful. For it angered the sailors sorely. 'They would hoist merchants' goods,' said they, 'but not men and women.' But the officers took the ropes, saying, 'They are the king's goods.' So, as chattels, we were shipped for the plantations. But we had scarce reached the sea when the pestilence broke out among us. One and another sickened and died. So that the ship-masters would proceed no further, but cast us on shore, and me among the rest."

There was a kind of comfort in feeling that, coming thus from an infected ship, the generous maiden had not really increased her risk by devoting herself to our service, freely as she had dared to do so. And our risk could scarce be increased.

Having told her tale, Annis quietly folded her out-of-door garments, laying them aside in the old places, and said to Aunt Dorothy, "Which way can I serve thee best?"

We took her to Mr. Drayton's sick chamber. Olive's eyes brightened with the soft moisture of grateful tears as Annis entered, where she sat by her father's bed.

But that was no place or season for spoken thanks or questionings. Annis at once fitted into her place among the nurses. And I know not how

any of us could have survived those days and nights of watching, but for her help.

Aunt Dorothy said, —

“I will take heed how I speak lightly of Quakers and their calls again.”

Yes; the two readiest among us have been called home. Roger's father and his mother's sister. Honoured and beloved beyond any.

Yet we speak of them quietly, almost without tears.

Death is so around us — without, within, everywhere — that it seems the most natural thing. We say, “They are gone home,” with less sense of separation than in ordinary times we say, “They are gone to Netherby;” with far less than we should have said, “They have gone across the seas.”

It is so likely we may be with them again to-morrow — to-day.

I look back a page or two in this Diary, and the words they spoke and I wrote so lately have become sacred, dying, farewell words.

“*The Father's rod.*” Yes, that was what *they* thought. “*The King's touch smiting them from the lower service to the higher.*” That is what *we* think, and we say it to each other as their epitaph,

September.— No distinction, indeed, this pestilence makes as to whom it smites!

Two nights since, Roger came to my bedside and said, —

“Lettice, I dare not spare thee, even thee, from a call such as this. Canst thou be ready to come with me quickly, to visit one smitten with plague?”

From any voice but his, the sudden, midnight summons, would have set my heart beating so as to rob me of the power to obey.

But there is always a calm about him which nerves me to do anything. Besides, he said, “Come *with me.*” And that was strength itself.

I did not waste time in questioning. He left me to tell Annis Nye not to wake Olive.

I was dressed in a few minutes. Then I went and kissed the babe. It might be perilous for me to touch his soft cheek, rosy with sleep, when I came back. If ever I came back to him! For that was a probability which must be met in such a leave-taking.

As I stood by the child’s little bed, Roger came back.

“We will kneel beside him,” he said.

And in a few brief words he prayed, for

strength to comfort, for wisdom to guide, for balm to heal.

Before we rose, I knew what he meant.

"It is Walter," I said.

He took my hand in his, and we spoke no more.

Silently we went out, our steps echoing through the streets; the great bonfires, kept up now in each street to purify the air, lighting us on our way, now illuminating with tongues of fitful flame the red cross and the closed door, now more drearily lighting up the empty chambers of the houses of the dead which needed no longer to be closed, whose half-opened shutters creaked restlessly in the night-winds.

We stooped at the steps of what had been a stately mansion.

The door was ajar, as Roger must have left it. There were none to usher us into the lofty hall or up the wide staircase, on whose stone stairs our steps echoed so noisily through the deserted chambers, tread as softly as we might.

Through one luxurious chamber after another we passed, our steps hushed on soft Persian rugs, and softened by tapestried walls.

In one lay virginals and lutes and song-books, as if from a recent concert. In another, a table

spread for a feast — the wine still sparkling in the glasses, and summer fruits mouldering on the porcelain.

And in the last chamber, upon a stately gilded bed with silk curtains, he lay, my brother, with scarce open, half-vacant eyes, which seemed as if their sight and meaning were gone, his hands clenched in agony.

Yet he saw and knew me, for he cried with an energy which pierced the silence like a death-wail, —

“Take her away, Roger! take her away! I will not have that at my door! Take her away!”

But I went close to him, and gently unclasped his clenched hand, and kissed his forehead, and said, —

“Two of us have been smitten already, Walter. We are past peril.”

“Who have been smitten?” he asked suddenly. “Not your child?”

“No,” I said — and I felt my voice falter — “not our Harry.”

Then his mind seemed to wander, for the far-off past came back so vividly as to blot out the days that had intervened.

“Harry, my brother Harry — don’t speak to me of Harry,” he said. “He loved me, and sent a

dying message that he looked to meet me. And he never will — he never will." And then, —

"I am dying, Lettice, don't you see? *dying* — body and soul. For mercy's sake don't come near me. If you can bear it, I can't. There will be torments enough soon. Don't burn my soul thus with the purity which I have lost for ever, and your love which I must lose for ever, so soon."

I took his hand, and pressed it to my lips, for I could not speak. But he drew it away with a convulsive energy.

"Take her away, Roger! — don't let her! She doesn't know what I am, or who it was these hands touched last."

And then at intervals he told us how, when the Court left, a small number of the more reckless young courtiers had persuaded him it would be cowardly to go; and they had established themselves in this house, belonging to a kinsman of one of them, and held wild revelries there. How he had half intended, when he had heard we remained in the City, to break with these dissolute associates, and find us out; and had once or twice crept into churches by himself and heard sermons, but had delayed and hesitated from week to week; until at last, towards the end of August, a singing-girl, one of their company, had been smitten with the

plague. Then the door had been closed and marked, and all the revellers had escaped through windows, over the leads of other houses, or over the palings of gardens to the river, and so into the country. But he could not shut his heart to the dying shrieks of that poor lost girl, and abandon her to die alone.

“I meant to wait till she was dead,” he said, “and leave the men of the dead-cart to find her in the empty house and bury her, and then to follow the rest. I had enough on my conscience without being followed through life with those dying cries. But before she died I began to feel ill myself. I tried to keep up my spirits with wine; but that was of no use. And then I found half-a-dozen leaves of an old Prayer-book — the sentences, and the confession, and the absolution, and one or two of the gospels. I entreated her to let me read to her, but she would not listen, but kept deliriously singing, mixing up light songs, bad enough at any time from a woman’s lips, with strains of music from the Royal Chapel, and melodies of innocent old Christmas village carols, in a way horrible to hear. And then she died, and I was too ill to leave. And I crept in to this bed. That was yesterday. And at night-fall there was a rattling at the door, and heavy steps up-stairs, and heavier down again. So I knew they

would bury her. But I lay still under the sheets; for a dread came over me that they might find me, carry me down, and bury me with her, to save time. There had been jests among us of such things happening. But the door shut, echoing through the empty house like thunder.

“And I knew I was left alone to die. And then another terror came over me; that it would be better if they had found me, and taken me out to die quietly among the dead, without thinking any more about it, than have left me lingering here to look at death steadily, alone, no one knows how long; with nothing but dying between.

“And to pass the time and break the silence I took up the old Prayer-book and read aloud, —

“*When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness.*’ But, I thought, I can never turn away from my wickedness. I can only turn round and round in it for ever and ever. So I stopped, until the silence was worse to bear than the words; and then I read on again. But my own voice sounded to me like a parody. Dreadful jesting voices seemed reading the sacred words after me, until I came to the Confession.

“Then the jesting voices vanished. And, instead, came my mother’s voice, and my own, as a boy, saying it after her: ‘We have gone astray, like lost

sheep.' I might have said it once, I knew, and have *come back*; now I should have to *go on saying it* for ever, with her voice echoing it as if from heaven, and *never come back*. If I could hear the voice of *some good one* reading this confession and the gospels, I thought they might seem true, even for me, yet, but never in my own.

"So I flung the book from me, and lay still until I heard a man's feet coming softly up the staircase; and I thought it was a thief come to pillage, and then perhaps to murder me. And the insane desire of life mastered me again; and I covered my face again and hushed my breath, until I heard Roger's voice beside me saying, '*There is no one living here.*' And then I looked up. And all night he has been speaking to me, Lettice — nursing me as my mother might, and now and then reading out of the Gospels and the Confession. And if the merciful words would seem true to me in any voice, sister, they would in his. If I had only gone to you all before! But it is too late. Is it not too late? Is not my life wasted, lost — lost for ever?"

He gazed into my eyes with that wistful, thirsting look of the souls who are departing. I knew nothing but truth would avail. So I said as quietly as I could, —

"Your life — this life, Walter — I am afraid it

is lost — lost for ever. Your *life*; but not you, Walter; not *you*."

He kept his eyes fixed on mine, and said, —
"And there is no second, Lettice. God himself cannot give us back the lost life again."

Then all that he might have been, all my mother hoped he might be, rushed over my heart, and I could not say any more. I could only kneel down by his bedside and take his hand and sob out, —

"O Father, Thou knowest all he might have been, all that Thou wouldest have had him be. And Thou seest the ruin they have made of him. Have pity, have pity, and forgive!"

He laid his hand on mine.

"Hush, Lettice, hush!" he said; "not *they* — *I*. I have ruined myself. No one could have ruined me but myself. The sin is mine. *It is me.*"

Then I rose. For I felt as if my prayer was answered. I felt as if, weak, trembling woman that I was, a priestly voice was in my ears pronouncing absolution, ready to breathe the gospel of forgiveness through my lips. For it seemed to me these were the first words of real repenting I had ever heard Walter utter. I had heard him again and again speak of himself or his life with a passionate loathing. But that was not repenting. Too often, if any one admitted the justice of such self-accusations, he

would turn them into self-excusing and accusing of others. But now, it seemed to me, he was indeed coming to himself, coming home; and I said, —

“Walter, *you* could not turn from the cries of that poor dying creature. Will you set your pity above God’s?”

“I had none but myself to think of,” he said. “It mattered nothing to any one whether I did right or wrong about it. But He is King and Judge, and has the whole world to think of in forgiving any one.”

“Our Lord did not think so,” I said. “When the lost son arose to come home to be forgiven, it seemed as if the father had nothing to do with any one in the world but with him. He did not think of what the servants would say, or the elder brother, or how any one else might be tempted by the forgiveness to wander. He was watching the wanderer! Oh, Walter, He was the first to see him turn — the first! He was the first to see you. I know it by the parable; I know it because, after all — after *all*, Walter — He has let you die at your post. Think of the mercy of that! You might have died helping to ruin some one. You die trying to help. Think of the mercy of being suffered to do that!”

A softer light came into his eyes, and after a minute he said, —

"I cannot doubt His pity; no, I dare not. What I doubt is myself. How can you know, Lettice, how can I know, that if life were given back to me I might not waste it all again?"

Then turning that intense searching gaze from me to Roger, he went on, —

"How can I know whether I am clinging to Him, as a dying man clings to *anything*, or indeed as the repenting son to the father? How can you know or I?"

Roger bent low over him, and said, —

"Neither you nor I can know. One only knows. He only can forgive. He knew, on the cross, when He was dying for the world, and the thief beside Him was dying for his own crimes, and dying He forgave the dying. He knows now. He is as near as then, and *not dying*; *living* for ever more; almighty to save. But even if you are clinging to Him, as a drowning man to a rock, or to an out-stretched hand, in mere terror of the waves, is He one likely to wrench His hand even from such a poor, desperate, selfish grasp as that? Did He on the Sea of Galilee?"

Walter drank in all Roger said, but made no reply.

Roger's next words fell solemn as a summons from another world, —

"What do you want Him to save you from?"

Walter's answer was a low cry of agony.

"From myself! — from myself!"

Roger's voice was firm no longer, but low and broken as Walter's own, as he replied, —

"That He died to do; that He lives to do. That He can never refuse to do for any that ask Him, for ever and for ever."

Then, after a few moments, Roger said, —

"If He sees no other way to save you but that you should lose your life, that you should not be trusted with it again, could you be content?"

"How can I be content?" Walter answered. "Think what my life might have been. It might have been like yours! And I have no second. I would not complain. It is no wonder I cannot be trusted. I cannot trust myself. But you can never know how bitter it is to begin to see what life might have been when it is all over, and when you begin to see how well He you have grieved was worth serving."

He lingered some days. And then the lost life was over.

The life those we had served not disloyally had done their utmost to ruin.

The spirit had departed, which He we have served so unworthily even to the uttermost can save.

It was beyond comparison the bitterest sacrifice we had ever made.

Yet this sacrifice England is now making by hecatombs on the same foul altar.

A sacrifice not of life ennobled, and made infinitely worthier in laying it down, but of honour, of virtue, of all that makes men men. Of souls degraded in the sacrifice to the level of that to which they are sacrificed. A sacrifice to devils, and not to God.

XIII.

Lettice's Diary.

Continued.

BROAD OAK, *February* 1666. — For a brief season we are in this haven, driven into rest by many storms.

The Plague has left London. The Court has returned to it unchanged, to pursue its revelries. The ejected ministers who preached to the dying city are once more silenced and driven from their pulpits; and not only driven from their pulpits, but from the city, by the Five Mile Act, which prohibits any ejected minister, on severe penalties, from approaching within five miles of the church where he was wont to preach.

Roger deemed his work in London for the present done.

When we left, the streets were fragrant with the smoke of sweet woods, burned in the houses, and curling through the open windows day and night. The air was laden with strange Oriental odours of incense, of aromatic gums and perfumes, floating the spirit on their dream-like fragrance (as perfumes only can) within the spells of enchanted ground.

Yet the change is pleasant, thence, to this wholesome country air, fresh with the smell of the new-ploughed earth, of the young mosses and grasses shooting out everywhere bright tiny spikes or stars of jewel-like green, of the breath of cows, of gummy swelling leaf-buds, and fir-stems warmed into pungent fragrance by the sun, of early peeping snow-drops and rare violets, of sedges moistened by the prattling brooks, of free winds coming and going we know not whence or whither — from the mountains, from the sea, or from the forests of the American wilderness. It is invigorating to body and soul to change those costly foreign manufactured perfumes for all these countless, changing, blending, breathing fragrances, which make what I suppose is meant by “the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed.”

It is a wonderful relief to be here, after what we have gone through; free to go where we will, living with open doors, neighbours freely coming and going, guests, unsuspected, dropping in at the hospitable door from the highway.

It is not so much like coming in a ship out of the storm into the haven, as like being quietly laid on a friendly sunny shore, after buffeting, with panting chest and weary arms, through the waves which have made the ship a wreck.

Something of this calm, indeed, began to come even before we left London.

It is a thing never to forget, the change that came over people's countenances on the first morning late in September, when the number of the dead was in the week declared to have *diminished*, instead of *increasing*: the tears that those first gleams of hope brought to eyes long dry in despair; the re-awaking of neighbourly sympathy, as each house ceased to be either a refuge against infection, or a pest-house from which it issued; windows opened fearlessly, once more, to hear good news. The reserve which, like a fortress, rampart with rampart, guards the deepest feelings of our people, broken down by the common deliverance; strangers grasping each other's hands in the streets, merely for the joy of telling the good news, weeping aloud for gladness, or uttering the brief fervent thanksgiving — "*'Tis all wonderful; 'tis all a dream. Blessed be God, 'tis all His own doing. Human help and skill were at an end. Let us give thanks to Him.*"

This melting together of men's hearts in the rapture of a common deliverance, struck me more than all. It made me think how the best balsam to heal the wounds of Christendom would be for Christianity to be once more understood as the Gospel of Great Joy which it assuredly is. There would

be little room for controversy, I thought, and none for isolation and exclusion, if every heart could only be penetrated with the joy of the forgiven Prodigal, and of the Angels' Christmas hymn.

Some people in their eagerness to purify their houses burned them down. Wild despair was succeeded on every side by hopes as wild. Those who had suspected every one, and crept along the streets, fearing to touch each other's garments, grew so bold that they no longer feared even the poor ghastly scarce-recovered victims of the Plague, who began to limp about the streets with the bandages of the dreaded sores and swellings still around their heads and limbs.

If even the reckless Court itself had lived through that peril and that rescue, I think it would never have affronted Heaven and this city of mourners again with its profligate revelries. The city, indeed, was well fumigated from infection with perfumes and with brimstone, to make it a safe dwelling for the Court. But what incense, what fires, can purify England from the infection of the Court itself?

We should have gone to Netherby. But that is scarce a safe home just now for Roger. A vexatious suit has been instituted against him, on the ground of his aiding or abetting in some "disloyal" attempt of which he knew nothing. But we know it is his

work during the Commonwealth that is the true ground of prosecution. Sir Launcelot Trevor will never pardon Roger's detecting him in one of the plots for assassinating Cromwell. It is not the hard laws themselves, severe as their restrictions and penalties are, that cause the most suffering. It is the power they give to bad men to annoy the good.

Already much of the Drayton property has been sacrificed through vexatious exactions. But now it is more than property that is threatened. And so this pleasant home of Broad Oak, which is a house of mercy to so many, has now become a refuge for us. We are, in fact, here as in a hiding-place, until this tyranny be overpast, or we can find some other refuge.

Our host, Mr. Philip Henry's courtly deference of manners, his listening to every one as if he had something to learn from each, has more charm for me than I like to confess to myself. It recalls the stately courtesy of my brother Harry and of the Cavaliers who were his contemporaries.

The Puritan manners are severer and less chivalrous than those of our old Cavaliers, though with more of true knightly honour to women in them than the courtiers of this New Court are capable of comprehending.

We read together often, Roger and I, these old

records of the early settlers in the American wildernesses. We are beginning now to glean more particular tidings concerning the various village communities into which the settlers have now organized themselves. For more and more we begin to speak of a "New Netherby" rising beside some inland mere or pleasant creek of the forest in the New England.

"Not that I despair for a moment of England," Roger says. "But we have but one life, and its years are few and precious; and if the good fight is going on victoriously elsewhere, it seems scarce a man's place to stay where the best he can do is to keep quiet and hide for his life."

February 1666, BROAD OAK. — There is a serenity and sunshine about this house which makes it like an island of fair weather in the midst of the turbulent world. Continually it recalls to me Port Royal. And even more by resemblance than by contrast.

It seems to me as fully as Port Royal a temple or house of God. (In one sense I, as a Protestant, should believe *more*, since the church, not the convent, is God's sacred Order.) Every morning and evening all the inmates and family assemble for *prayer* and *reading of the Bible*. "As the priests in the tabernacle," Mr. Henry says, "used daily to *burn* the *incense*, and to *light the lamps*." All pray kneeling;

for Mr. Henry "has high thoughts of the body as God's workmanship, and desires that it should share in the homage offered to Him."

Mr. Henry never makes this service long, so as to be a weariness; he calls it the "hem to keep the rest of the day from ravelling." In the evening he gathers his household, servants, workmen, day-labourers, and guests, early, that the youngest, or those who have done a hard day's work may not be sleepy. "Better one absent than all sleepy," he says.

He explains the Bible as he reads it, not merely "*mincing it small*, but by *easy unforced distribution*." Above all, he seeks to lift up before the heart "*Christ, the Treasure in the field of the Bible*." "Every word of God is good," he says, "but especially God the Word." He closes with a psalm; sometimes many verses, but sung quickly, every one having a book, so that there is no interruption to the singing.

Afterwards his two little boys kneel with folded hands before their father and mother, and ask their blessing, while he pronounces the benediction over them, saying, "The Lord bless thee." On Thursday he catechises the servants on some simple subject.

On Sunday, "the pearl of the week, the queen of days," the perpetual Easter-day on which we sing, "The Lord is risen indeed," the whole house seems

so full of tranquil light, all sounds and signs of needless labour banished, all the sweet sounds of nature, birds and bees and running brooks, heard with a new music in the hush of human rest, the men and maids in their sober holiday attire, that it is difficult to believe there is not an audible, visible increase of light and music in the external world, that the fields, and woods, and skies, have not also donned a festive attire, that the sun is not shining with a new radiance, like the ancient Lamp of the sanctuary, fresh filled and trimmed for the Sabbath. It shines on the heart with a quiet radiance, like the last chapters of the Gospels; the resurrection chapters. The household, since Mr. Henry has been silenced, attend the Church service in the little neighbouring parish-church of Whitechurch, always going early, before the service begins. The walks through the field to and from the church are a sacred Service in themselves, by virtue of Mr. Henry's discourse. In truth, there is no silencing the music of such a piety as his, unless you could make it cease to flow.

This temple also has its shrines and inner sanctuary. Mrs. Henry pointed out to me the little chamber where her husband prays alone; when he changed it once, he consecrated the new one with a special prayer. I remember Roger's father used to call the direction, "*When thou enterest into thy*

closet shut thy door," "the one unquestionably divine rubric of the New Testament." And it seems to me beautiful that the inmost sanctuary of our houses, as of our hearts, should be that which is consecrated by solitude with God.

Then, like Port Royal, this is a house of mercy. Standing near the way-side, it is seldom that the hospitable board has none but inmates round it. And Mr. Henry's simple fervent thanksgiving at the table must, I think, go along with the traveller on his further journey, like the echo of a hymn.

The order of the convent, moreover, can scarcely be more thorough than that of this home, save that it is broken, like the order of nature, by the sweet irregularities and varieties which always come to stir all Divine order out of monotony. The Hand which can make Life the mainspring of its machinery may dare irregularities.

Port Royal was especially recalled to my mind by a letter I received last November from Madame la Mothe, in which she speaks of the return of the nuns to Port Royal des Champs. Four years ago they were dispersed into imprisonment in various convents, in the hope that the courage of each alone might fail, so that in isolation, moved by the most plausible persuasions and the severest threats, the community might separately sign the condemnation

of Jansenism, which they had refused to sign together. It was a simple question of fact. They were required to declare that the five condemned propositions were in Jansenius' books; thus asserting what they believed false to be true. But out of the ninety-six nuns thus dispersed, eighty-four returned unshaken. Madame la Mothe writes: —

“Such a welcome and restoration home as the holy sisters had was worth sore suffering to win, as the various carriages met, bringing the Mother Angélique and her scattered daughters once more together. The church bells pealed joyous greetings, and the peasants shouted or wept their welcomes, flocking by the roadside, along the steep descent into the valley, in holiday dresses; gray-haired tottering men, little toddling children, mothers and babes in arms — not a creature that could stir left behind to miss the joy of welcoming their benefactresses back. And so the long procession of nuns, in their white robes, with scarlet crosses, disappeared under the great Gothic gates, into the sacred enclosure. It was a sight indescribably beautiful to the eye, but who can say what it was to the heart?”

Martyrs not so much to truth as to truthfulness, they would not recognize the distinction between consenting to what they deemed a lie and telling it.

Should not their enemies concede at least this

merit to the two thousand ejected ministers? They may be overcareful, as I think they are, in some of their scruples. But why cannot people, who see a noble heroism in eighty nuns suffering ejection and dispersion rather than declare that false which they believe to be true — rather than bring on their souls the degradation of a lie — see something of the same heroism in two thousand English clergymen with their families suffering ejection, calumny, and peril of starvation, rather than solemnly declare they believe things true which they believe false? The families, who have to share the misery whether they will or no, do not make the sacrifice easier.

Yet many a tender-hearted lady of our acquaintance, of the old Cavalier stock, whose face has glowed with interest when I have told her of the sufferings and constancy of the Mère Angélique and her nuns, and who has rejoiced with me when I read the story of their restoration, can see nothing but vulgar perversity and obstinacy in the conduct of these ejected ministers.

Why cannot these also be respected as martyrs, if not to truth, at least to truthfulness?

Can it be that the white dresses and red crosses, and the grand arched entrance gates, make the difference?

Or is it merely that the one took place in France and the other at home?

Building the sepulchres of the prophets is such easy and graceful feminine work! As easy as tapestry-work, especially when the sepulchres are reared in the imagination, and the prophets prophesied to other people's forefathers.

But it seems as if, in heaven, not the slightest value were attached to those elegant little erections.

The one thing regarded there seems to be, whether we help and honour those who are contending or suffering for truth and right now. And this is not always so easy.

For on the other hand Aunt Dorothy was not a little incensed when I once told her (intending to be conciliatory) that I thought the Nonconformist ministers quite as much to be honoured as the *Mère Angélique* and her nuns.

"To compare Mr. Baxter and two thousand of the most enlightened ministers in England to a set of poor benighted Papists!" said she.

And she was only to be mollified by the consideration of the deficiency in my own religious training.

Perhaps for us women the safest course is to render as wide a succour as we can to all who suffer. Because then if we make any mistakes as to truth,

in the great account they may be counterbalanced by the entries on the side of love; which, on the whole, seems to overrule the final judgment.

March 1666. — We are to leave this friendly holy roof for another shelter.

Many a sharp-cut diamond of Mr. Henry's good sayings I shall carry away with me.

"Repentance is not a sudden land-flood, but the flowing of a perennial spring; an abiding habit."

"Peace is joy in the bloom; joy is peace in the fruit."

But more than all such sayings, I bear away with me the memory of a sanctity as fresh and fragrant as any I ever hope to see, — fragrant not as with the odours of manufactured perfumes, but with the countless fragrances of a field which the Lord has blessed.

A self-denial made all the lovelier by the capacity for the happiness it foregoes, by the belief that every creature of God is good, and to be enjoyed with thanksgiving, which prevents its being stiffened into austerity; a submissive Loyalty, ennobled by the higher loyalty which prevents its becoming servile; an open-handed charity sustained by busy-handed industry, by the thrift which deems waste a sin and the justice which deems debt a degradation; a Devotion whose chief delight is to soar and sing, and which sings never the less when it stoops to serve;

a Religion as free from fanaticism, worldliness, or austerity, as any the world can see.

A piety which would have been my mother's element; worthy, it seems to me, of the sober joyful Liturgy she loved so dearly, yet to which Mr. Henry cannot entirely conform. Yes; it seems to me a piety more unlike that of the Puritans of our early days than unlike that of George Herbert or of Port Royal. A lovely, patient, quiet, meek-eyed piety! It recalls to me the group of St. Paul's gentle graces, "love, joy, peace," and the rest, which I used to think pictured my mother's religion, far more than St. Peter's belligerent virtues, godliness, faith, courage, which seemed to me to stand forth in sword and breastplate like the religion of Roger and the Ironsides.

"If the old Cavaliers, alas, are gone," I said to Roger to-day, "it seems to me the old Puritans are gone as well. Mr. Philip Henry is far less like the Ironsides than like my mother. This is a piety which would have suffered in prisons and pillories to any extent, but would scarcely have lifted its voice in the Parliament with Mr. Hampden and Mr. Pym, and would certainly not have raised the standard at Edgehill or Worcester. Where are the old Puritans gone?"

"Where we may follow them, sweet heart," said

he; "to fight the wolves, and conquer the wildernesses of the West."

"Then," said I, "are the wrestling Christian virtues to migrate to New England to subdue the New World; whilst the feminine Christian graces are to stay at home to endure the pillory and the prison? That were a strange division. Meseems what with prohibitions to speak, and imprisonment, and the banishment of the fighting men, this patient, passive, nonconformity can never spread. Perhaps in a generation or two it will die out."

"Scarcely, I think," he said. "The old country is patient and dumb, and sometimes takes a long sleep, but I believe she will wake one day, and break the nets they have entangled her in, and scatter those who twisted them, simply by rising and shaking herself. Only her sleep may be too long for us to wait to the end of it."

"But who is to wake her?" I said. "A piety this of Mr. Henry's, as of Mr. Herbert's, indeed beautiful and pure enough to convert the world, if some louder voice could only rouse the world to look at it. But whence is this voice to come? For it seems to me our Liturgy, though the purest music of devotion that can rise to Heaven, if once people are awake to hear it and to sing it, has scarcely the kind of fiery force in it to arouse the slumbering

world. And if the Puritan religion becomes alike so meek and soft-spoken, whence is this enkindling fire to come?"

"You might as well have asked our ancestor Cassibelawn where the fire was to come from when the forests were cut down," he said. "While the forests give fuel enough, who can foresee the coal-pits?"

"Perhaps," he added after a pause, "when the spring comes and the ice melts and the music of the living waters breaks on England again, as it must and will, the new streams will find new channels."

Our discourse was broken at this point by the arrival of two horsemen who dismounted at the door. The hospitable board was spread for the midday meal, and as we went down to take our places at it, Mr. Henry introduced us to these new guests as friends of his.

They were Dr. Annesly and Dr. Wesley,* two of the Nonconformist ministers.

* Maternal and paternal grandfathers of the Wesleys.

XIV.

Olive's Recollections.

TROUBLES came, as troubles are wont to come, in troops, sweeping down on us thick and fast in the year which followed the Plague 1666.

Through the whole year Roger was in concealment with Lettice and their boy. Lands and houses are no safeguards in a persecution, when so much lies at the mercy of informers. And Roger — and Lettice also — had an implacable enemy in Sir Launcelot Trevor, the profligacy of whose early years had at its second fermentation soured into malignity against those who had reproved or thwarted him. It was Sir Launcelot, indeed, who hunted us hither. In his youth he had made some careless studies in the law, and now he was appointed one of the judges. Vexations which render life impossible for all the best ends of living are terribly easy to inflict when bad laws are executed by worse men. And it was this which made the misery of those times. The laws were indeed (as we believe) harsh and unjust; but it was the authorities who made them and the judges who administered them, it was the spirit

in which the letter was carried out that made them (at last) unsupportable.

About the spring of this year the pressure of the times fell hard on Cousin Placidia.

Her son Isaac was arrested for attending a forbidden meeting near Bedford, and was thrown into the old jail on Bedford Bridge, where John Bunyan (though loyal as Mr. Baxter) had already been incarcerated for six years.

Isaac wrote as if the imprisonment in such company were not imprisonment but emparadising. "Such heavenly discourse as John Bunyan makes here," said he, "would make a dungeon a palace." He gave hints also of a wonderful story, or allegory, which the tinker was penning in the jail, and which (said Isaac) would make as much music in the world, when it came forth, as Mr. Milton's poems. We smiled at the lad's enthusiasm, for it was not to be thought that a poor tinker, however godly, could write anything beyond edifying sheets suited to paste on the walls of poor folks like himself. Indeed, we had seen some verses of his, which, though full of piety and patience, were scarce to be called poetry.

And that very year Mr. Thomas Ellwood, a Quaker, and a friend of Annis Nye, who had once been reader to Mr. Milton in his blindness, brought

us marvellous accounts of a manuscript Mr. Milton had given him to read at a "pretty box" Mr. Ellwood had taken for him, during the Plague, at Giles Chalfont. It contained the Epic Poem called "Paradise Lost." Thomas Ellwood said to him, "Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?" Some time afterwards, Mr. Milton showed him another poem called "Paradise Regained," saying, in a pleasant tone, "This is owing to you; for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of."

So that, seeing, besides all he had already done to the marvel of Europe, Mr. Milton had these wonderful epics in store, it naturally amused us not a little that Isaac should compare this good tinker with him. Nevertheless, we honoured the lad's heartiness, and rejoiced that in his doleful condition he had such pious company to comfort him withal.

Not so, however, his mother. Her distress knew no bounds. This affliction tore her heart in twain; setting what was highest in her in fierce civil war with what was lowest. For, in spite of all her protestations of poverty, rumour had rather magnified than diminished the amount of Cousin Placidia's hoards. The more she sought to keep them unknown, the more magnificent they grew in the busy

imaginations of her neighbours. And coffer after coffer of her painfully hoarded stores had to be confessed and emptied as she sought to bribe one exacting officer after another to release her son; until the more she gave the more they believed she could be tortured into giving, the more the ingenuity of informers and the greed of jailers increased, and the more distant grew the prospects of poor Isaac's liberation.

My heart ached for the torture she went through, as, bit by bit, she had to offer up the money which was dear to her as life, for the child who was dearer.

"It is worse than the boot or the thumbscrew with which they are torturing the poor Covenanters in Scotland," I said one day to Job Forster, when we were staying at Netherby; "screwed tighter and tighter till it crushes the bone."

"Never heed, Mistress Olive," said Job. "Thank the Lord it isn't in your hands but in His, who loves Mistress Nicholls a sight better than you do. It isn't her *heart* that screw is crushing, it's the *worm in her heart* which is eating it out."

"Thou art somewhat hard on Mistress Nicholls," said Rachel, "to my mind; after all, she had saved it all for the lad."

"Women's hearts are tender," said Job, giving

an emphatic hammer to the spade he was repairing, "and thine tenderer than any. But there's a love tenderer than thine. Glory to His holy name, He did not put away the sorrowing cup for all His own pains. And He will not put aside the healing cup for all her crying or thine. In His warfare it isn't once setting us on Burford church roof, nor twice, that keeps us steady to the Captain's lead."

This trouble of Isaac's wrought much on Maidie, who had always repaid Isaac's devoted homage loftily, and not always graciously, since the early days when he overwhelmed her with the unwelcome offering of his best hen. Sharp-sighted as these children are (flatter ourselves as we may) to spy out our failings, and intolerant of them as youth with its high standards will be, Maidie had been wont to hear Cousin Placidia's moans of poverty with ill-disguised incredulity, and had called her economies by very unsparing Scriptural names. But now Isaac's imprisonment seemed at once to exalt him in the perverse maiden's imagination from a boy to a hero. She wrote to him; and what was more, Dolly treacherously reported that she wept nights long about him; and (which was the greatest triumph of all) she began to love his mother for his sake. "It was plain," she said, "how unjust she had been to Cousin Placidia; it was plain that it

was only for Isaac's sake she had pinched herself, and sometimes also other folk. Otherwise, would she be ready to part with everything for his sake now? It was noble for a mother to deny herself for her son," pronounced Maidie, controversially; "and if this denying extended to others sometimes, it must be excused. It was but the exuberance of a virtue; and she, for her part, was ashamed of having ever spoken hardly of Cousin Placidia, and would never do so again."

So a close bond grew up between these two; and it became clear to me I should have to spare a portion of my daughter's love to soften with its free sunshine, and quicken with its own generous youth, this heart that had grown so old and shrivelled with self-imposed cares.

And it was also plain what would come of this when Isaac, always so faithful to her, came out of prison, at once exalted into manhood and smitten into knighthood in Maidie's eyes — by persecution, and found Maidie already ministering to his mother as a daughter. Indeed, the betrothal was already accomplished in all its essentials. And it seemed to me that, so beggared and so enriched, Cousin Placidia would have at last no alternative but to throw aside the self-deceiving and self-tormenting which had made her youth old age and her wealth

poverty, and in her old age and destitution for the first time to grow rich and young.

As the year went on, more and more our thoughts turned to the New World on the other side of the sea. Roger's mind had been turned thither ever since the Lord Protector's death, as the only place where in his lifetime it was probable he would be able to render England those "public services for which a man is born."

Loyalty he believed England had refused to the prince God sent her, and was suffering for it. And Liberty, said he, who ever wakes and sleeps with her twin-sister Loyalty, would scarce awake again, in our days, to lead to noble warfare the men of this bewildered generation.

Meanwhile my husband, while the prisons were fuller than ever of sufferers for conscience, found it more difficult than ever to obtain access to them or to give them succour.

Aunt Dorothy was prepared at any moment to shake off the dust from her feet against the profligate Court which encouraged Sabbath-breaking, theatres, and bear-baitings, and banished five miles from its suburbs the loyal and godly ministers who had laboured so faithfully to bring it back; and against

the infatuated country which could pay servile adulation to such a Court.

She was also troubled at Mr. Baxter's marrying so young a wife, and winced a little when Lettice defended him, and declared that at heart Aunt Dorothy's place, after all, was beside the holy maids and recluses of Port Royal.

Cousin Placidia, on her part, was ready for any refuge which would keep Isaac out of the way of John Bunyan and the informers. Thus, by different strokes, the cords of the old tent were being loosened for us all.

Job and Rachel Forster, however, still hesitated. They could not "get light upon it." They doubted whether it would not be deserting the post they had been set to keep; and more especially whether it would be safe to take Annis Nye, who had gone to live with them, to New England. I think also they were more moved by sympathy with Annis Nye's beliefs than they quite knew themselves. Rachel thought the Quakers had been set to give a wonderful testimony for peace and patience in an age when there was too much fighting; and for silence in an age when there was too much talking. And Job said, "We have done fighting and talking enough in our day, in my belief, to last some time; and now the Lord seems to be saying to us, '*Study*

to be quiet and to do your own business;’ and, ‘*Where two or three are gathered together, there am I in the midst of them.*’ That’s about where the lessons for the day seem to me to be just now. And I’ve a mind we’d better be in no hurry, but sit still and learn them.”

Thus we still lingered. It was not so easy to despair of the re-awaking of an England in which John Milton was still living and thinking, and John Bunyan, and John Howe, and Dr. Owen, and Richard Baxter, and through which thirty thousand of Cromwell’s soldiers were still scattered, working at their farms and forges throughout the land. Nor was it easy to leave such an England, so few years before a Queen of Nations, as long as she would but give us a little sheltered space wherein to work for her, and a little reason to hope.

But slowly the necessities which pressed us from her shores gathered closer and closer around us, until we could linger no more.

The Great Fire of London brought my husband to a decision.

Our own house escaped; but many houses in the city, in which much of his property consisted, were burnt. And the misery of so many thousands, whom our losses deprived us of the power to relieve, made

us at last resolve to make the voyage, while we had the means yet left to pay the ship-master and purchase such goods as we should need in beginning life again in the wilderness.

It was at ten o'clock on the 2nd of September 1666 that the flames of that terrible Fire burst forth. By midnight they raged. In three days the whole city was a heap of smoking, smouldering ruins.

To us who lived at Westminster, it seemed as if the fierce eastern wind was driving the flames towards that guilty roof at Whitehall, which scarce a righteous man in the nation but deemed to be itself the plague spot and the Gehenna which was bringing desolation by plague and fire on the whole land.

All the night the sky was fiery, "like the top of a burning oven." In the day the air was so thick with the coiling columns of smoke, that the sun shone through it with a colour like blood." Those who ventured near said that the pavements glowed a fiery red, so that no horse or man could tread them, and the melting lead from the burning churches ran down the streets in a stream. Now and then the dense masses of smoke were broken by the stones of St. Paul's flying like grenades, or by a sudden burst of vivid flame making the smoke visible even in the daylight, as some of the coal and wood wharves and stores of oil and resin along

the river-side were seized by the fire. And the steady roar of the flames was broken now and then by explosions, as vast powder-stores split asunder, or by the wailings and cries of the ruined people running to and fro in helpless consternation, not even attempting to save their goods.

Still, day and night, the east wind, so steady in its fierceness, drove on the flames and smoke *towards us; towards the Court*; till, on the third day, they crossed towards Whitehall itself. Fearful, it was said, was the confusion in those houses of revelry. Good men could think of nothing that ever could be like it but the universal conflagration of the world. But again, as in the Plague, the Court escaped. The neighbouring houses were blown up, so as to kill the flames by starvation; and at last their impetuous onset was stayed, and Whitehall was left without one of its gaming-tables or chambers of revelry being touched.

Streets in the west, which were nests of unblushing wickedness, escaped; whilst the city, of which Mr. Baxter said, "there was not such another in the world for piety, sobriety, and temperance," was burnt to ashes.

Aunt Dorothy took this much to heart; and from that time I scarcely remember her attempting any more to interpret the Divine judgments, which had once seemed to her so easy to translate.

After the horror came the misery and the desolation. It is when the ashes of the fires which desolate our lives are cold that we first understand our loss. And it was many days before the ashes of the Great Fire of London were cold enough for men to tread them safely and learn the extent of the ruin; to see the fountains dried up, the stones calcined white as snow.

Two hundred thousand homeless men, and women, and little children, were scattered in the fields, and on the hill-sides, chiefly on the north, as far as Highgate, by the wretched remnants of their household stuff. They were ready to perish of hunger, yet my husband said they did not beg a penny as he passed from group to group. Some of them had been rich and delicately lodged and clothed three days before, and had not learned the art of craving alms. Others were, it seemed, too stupified. His Majesty did his utmost to make provision for their relief (said the admiring courtiers) by "proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions;" which moved by the proclamation of the king (or by another proclamation issued sixteen hundred years before by One who spake with authority), the country people did, to the glory of the king and the admiration of the courtiers.

It was not the easiest thing in the world, as we looked from one side of our house over the blackened heaps of cinders, where three days before had stood the City of London, and on the other towards Whitehall, standing unscathed; when we thought of two thousand faithful servants of God forbidden to speak for Him; of ten thousand houses, from not a few of which had gone up day and night true prayer and praise, made desolate; of a hundred thousand, not a few of them good men and true, swept away by the Plague the year before; and then of all the riotous voices in the palace not silenced, but permitted to speak their worst for the devil; it was not always easy to keep firm hold of the truth that "all power is given in heaven and earth," not to the accuser and the enemy, but to "Jesus Christ the righteous." It was not easy. We had to endure in those days "as seeing Him who is invisible."

My husband said, indeed, that the fire might prove to be God's fumigation against the pestilence; and that the pestilence itself was but (as it were) the ships which take us to the "other side," being sent in a fleet instead of one by one.

But in the pestilence which is inwardly and eternally pestilential, the pestilence of vice and selfishness, which was corrupting the inner life of England, the raging fire of sin which consumes not

the flesh only, but the soul, — who could see any good?

Roger's and my old puzzle of the apple-tree yawned beneath and around us, a great gulf, dark and unfathomable as of old.

If our hearts were less tossed about on the surging waves of this abyss than of old, it was not that the waves were quieter or less unfathomed. We knew them to be deeper than we had dreamed. For we had tried line after line, and touched no bottom. We felt them to be more unquiet, for the times were stormier, and we were no longer on the edge, but launched on the sea. It was simply that, falling at the feet of Him who stood at the helm, we could worship Him with a deeper adoration, and trust Him with more confiding simplicity. "Thou knowest the other side," we could say. "Thou art there. Thou art taking us thither. Thou knowest the depths. Thou alone. Thou hast risen thence. Thou knowest God. We see Him manifested in Thee. And Thou hast said, good and not evil is the heart and the crown of all. And we are satisfied."

So, after a heavy winter on the edge of that desolation which we could do so little to restore, we left our old house in London in March, and went in the spring for a few weeks to the old home at

Netherby, before it was broken up and passed out of our hands for ever.

Many of the old fields (we knew every flowery bank and copsy corner of every one of them) had already been sold to meet the expenses thrown on Roger by the law-suit. And now the old house itself was to be sold. Oliver's Parliament had not altogether reformed the Law. And I suppose no reformation of laws avails very much when the men who administer them are corrupt. Besides, unsuccessful revolutions must be dealt with as rebellions; those who fail must expect to suffer. Roger and most of us had made our account for that, and it was not of that we complained.

It was not safe for Roger and Lettice to be with us at Netherby.

Of this I was almost glad. The fuller the old home was, and so the more like its old self, the harder it would be to leave. There were enough voices silent for ever, making every chamber, and every nook of garden and pleasaunce sacred by their echoes in the memory, to make the parting such a wrench as scarcely leaves us the same ever after.

All Aunt Dorothy's Puritan training had not swept the heathen idolatry out of my heart. For what else was it to feel as if all the dumb and life-

less things had voices calling me and pleading, "Forsake us not, forsake us not, have we served you so ill?" and arms stretched out to cling to us and draw us back?

The store-room over the porch, where Roger and I had held our Sunday conversations; the chamber where my father's books and mathematical instruments still were, undisturbed, in the places where he had left them, where he had taken me on his knee and said, "Before the great mysteries, I can only wonder and wait and say like thee, '*Father, how can I understand, a little child like me?*'" — the wainscotted parlour where "Mr. Cromwell of Ely" had talked to us of "his little wenches," and looked at Roger with softened eyes, thinking, perchance, of that death of his first-born which "went as a sword to his heart, indeed it did;" where John Milton (not blind then) had played on the organ, and discoursed with Dr. Jeremy Taylor; — how dared I have tears to spare for leaving such as these, or even the graves of our fathers in the old church they had helped to build, and the places where we and ours had knelt for generations, when England had lost Liberty and the strenuous heart to strive for it, and it seemed almost the heart to weep for it now it was gone, and could not afford her noblest even a grave?

But there were other partings which went far deeper into the heart, on which even now it is best not to dwell much, partings from those whom it was no idolatry to feel it very sore to leave, old faithful friends — our father's friends; (and every familiar face in the village, as it came to see us go, was as the face of a friend to us, going we knew not whither, among we knew not whom.)

We could never have left them had it been possible for us to befriend and succour them longer at home. As many as could leave went with us.

And hardest of all it was to pass the old forge, and see no friendly faces there, and know that Job and Rachel were praying for us in the old cottage within, not daring to see us go.

Cousin Placidia was away making the last effort to release her son.

So we went at the beginning of April to Southampton, where the ship was. We had to wait some days there for her sailing. Dreary, blank days we thought they must be, suspended between the old life and the new. But two surprises made them bright to us as a beginning, rather than an end.

Two days before we started, Isaac appeared, with his mother. He looked very much as if the prison had indeed been a Paradise to him; and her face, sharp and worn as it was, seemed to me

stamped with the cares which enrich instead of impoverishing, the cares of love instead of the cares of covetousness. There was a glow and a rest in her eyes, as she looked on Isaac and Maidie, which I had never seen there before. And as to Isaac and Maidie, I believe distinctions of time and place were just then so dim to them, that if you had asked them where those days were spent, they would have been clear but on one point, and that was that it was most surely not in the Old World, but in a world altogether and for ever New.

Thus, as ever, in the music of this changing life, the closing cadences were intertwined with the opening chords, and the last evening in Old England came. Roger and Lettice, with their little Harry Davenant, were already safe on board. We were to join them at the dawn. And when we climbed up into the ship, very strange it was to find my hand in the welcoming grasp of a strong hand, certainly not that of a strange sailor's, and looking up, to see Job Forster, with Rachel and Annis Nye behind him.

"There was no help for it. That wilful maid would come," he said, apologizing to himself for doing what he liked. "She had the 'concern' at last I have been afraid of all along. She was set on going into the lions' den, so, of course, there

was nothing for it but for Rachel and me to come and take care of her."

So we sailed down Southampton Water, by the shores the *Mayflower* had left nearly half a century before. There were clouds over the wooded slopes of the dear old country as we looked our last at her, which broke ere we had been long on board, blending earth and sky in a wild storm of rain. But before we lost sight of the shore, the clouds were spanned by the rare glory of a perfect rainbow, bridging the storm with hope.

Then, as we sailed on, the clouds rose slowly and majestically, detaching themselves from earth in grand sculptured masses, like couchant lions guarding the land; until at sunset they had soared far up the quiet heavens, and hovered like angels with folded wings over a land at rest.

And as we looked, Lettice said to Roger, —

"See! is it not a promise of the better sunshine hereafter to come?"

"It is a witness of the sunshine *now* behind," he said; "of the unquenchable Sun which shines on both the Old England and the New." And he added in a low voice, in the words of Oliver Cromwell, "'*Jesus Christ, of whose diocese we are,*' on Both Sides of the Sea."

XV.

Conclusion. — Olive's Meditations on the Other Side of the Sea.

NEW NETHERBY, 1691. — New always to us, but already to many grown into "the old house at home."

Again I am alone in the house, as on the day when the quiet rustling of the summer air among the long grasses, and the shining of the smooth water, and the smell of the hay from the haystack, carried me back to the old house on the borders of the Fen country, in the days of my childhood.

The crimson and gold of a richer-coloured autumn than that at home glows in the forests and in the still creek below, over which the great trees bend. And autumn is also on our lives; its fading leaves, and also, I trust, its harvests and its calms.

At many intervals, these recollections of my life have been gathered together out of the old yellow leaves in the oaken chest.

The past has lived again to me through them. But not through these pages alone. The past lives

not only in dried herbs and grasses, in memories and monuments, but in every blade of grass and ear of corn of the present; in our new houses and our old home customs, our new laws, our new conflicts, our victories and our hopes.

The Old England lives and breathes in every breath of this our New England. Sometimes from what we have heard during the dreary years of oppression, we have thought she lived more truly here than in the England we have left.

The household is away, and the pleasant cheery house is silent. It is not the harvesting that has emptied the house and the village to-day. It is the thanksgiving for the harvest; the one festival which the first settlers in the wilderness appointed, in the first year of their exile, when the land was indeed a wilderness and an exile, and the next harvest a precarious blessing. More than half a century this festival has been kept. A venerable antiquity for New England.

And now our hearts are rich with tenfold offerings of praise.

For at last we believe the harvest of the seed sown in the wars and sufferings of early days has been brought in!

The great Englishman who, as we believe, served

England so well, has still no monument in our country, nor even a grave.

But a true Prince, of a race of princely deliverers, a race whose deeds fulfil more than their words promise, the grandson of William the Silent, the Liberator of Holland — is on the throne of England.

Once more, on the last days of January, forty years after the death of Charles the First, the throne was vacant. For King James had fled.

The link with the past, so sacred in England, which failed Oliver, places William of Orange on the throne.

“Yet,” Roger says, “but for Oliver, King James had never fled, nor William of Orange ever reigned. The throne of the one hero is the best monument of the other.”

Heavier and heavier the tidings came to us from across the seas year after year; until the climax seemed to us to be reached, when in one year one gentlewoman was beheaded at Winchester for giving refuge to two fugitives of Monmouth's Rebellion, and another was *burnt* at Tyburn for a similar act of mercy!

The free Puritan spirit often seemed to us extinct during those years of corruption and wrong. Hope of deliverance for the nation seemed to have

expired in men's hearts. The best men seemed to gather up all their courage to suffer cheerfully. Christianity appeared no more with the sword of the warrior, keen to redress wrong, or the sword of justice, heavy to suppress it, but with meek folded hands as the martyr to endure it.

Yet we knew, all through the darkness, the old fires were burning still, though they burned now in the still fires of devotion, patience, and meditation, rather than in the flames which consume fetters or which evangelize the world.

For beautiful words came to us from across the sea; high words of highest hope when lower hopes were quenched; of largest tolerance of difference of thought, blended with a truthfulness ready for any sacrifice rather than darken the soul with the least shadow of falsehood.

The very names of the books written then, with the circumstances under which they were written, sounded to us like a Psalm.

From imprisoned Bunyan, a "Pilgrim's Progress from this world to a better," written in Bedford Jail.

From blind Milton, barely suffered to live, "The Paradise Lost and Regained," sung in the darkness which he felt to be "the shadow of celestial

wings," in that lost England he never lived to see restored.

From silenced Owen, "the Glory of the Person of Christ," "The Mortification of Sin in Believers."

From silenced Howe, "The Living Temple," "The Blessedness of the Righteous," "On Delighting in God," "The Redeemer's Dominion over Hades."

It was of little avail to the kingdom of darkness the silencing of such as these. It was silencing their thoughts from "a life," to "an immortality." It was giving them a planet to preach from instead of a pulpit.

It was of little avail to crush with a weight of oppression hearts such as these. All the oppressions pressed out of them no moans; but only immortal songs.

And dear to us as any were the wise and mellowed words of Richard Baxter, especially his declaration of the "*things in which he himself had changed*," as he learned by the slow teaching of life. In our hearts they were written in letters of gold, the autumnal gold of harvests and ripe fruits.

"Among all parties," he wrote, "I found some that were naturally of mild, and calm, and gentle dispositions; some of sour, froward, peevish natures.

Some were raw, inexperienced, and harsh, like a young fruit. And some I found to be like ripe fruit, mellow and sweet, first pure, then peaceable, easy to be entreated.

“But the difference between the godly and ungodly was here the most considerable of all.

“In my youth I was quickly past my fundamentals, and was running up into a multitude of controversies; but the older I grew the smaller stress I laid on these controversies and curiosities (though still my intellect abhorreth confusion), as finding greater uncertainties in them than I at first discerned; and finding less usefulness even where there is the greatest certainty. *The Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, are now to me as my daily bread and drink*; and as I can speak and write over them again and again, so I had rather read and hear of them than of any of the school niceties. And this I observed also with Richard Hooker, and with many other men.

“Heretofore, I placed much of my religion in tenderness of heart and grieving for sin, and penitential tears, and less of it in the love of God, and studying His love and goodness, than now I do. Now, my conscience looketh at love and delight in God, and praising Him, as the top of all my religi-

ous duties, for which it is that I value and use all the rest.

“I was once wont to meditate most on my own heart, and to dwell all at home, and look little higher; I was still poring either on my sins or wants; but now, though I am greatly convinced of the need of heart-acquaintance and employment, yet I see more need of a higher work. At home I find distempers to trouble me, and some evidences of grace; but it is *above* that I must find matters of delight and joy, and love and praise itself. Therefore, I would have one thought at home upon myself and my sins, and many thoughts upon Christ, and God, and heaven.

“Heretofore, I knew much less than now; and yet was not half so much acquainted with my ignorance; but now I find far greater darkness upon all things, and perceive how very little it is that we know in comparison with that we are ignorant of.

“I see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore I did; I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections. And I find few are so bad as either their malicious enemies or censorious separating professors do imagine. Even in the wicked generally there is more for grace to make advantage of, and

more to testify for God and holiness, than I once believed there had been.

"I less admire gifts of utterance, and bare profession of religion, than I once did, and have much more charity for those who, by the want of gifts, do make an obscurer profession; for I have met with divers obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession or forwardness in religion, but only to live a quiet blameless life, whom I have after found to have long lived, as far as I could discern, a truly godly and sanctified life. Yet he that on this pretence would confound the godly and the ungodly, may as well go about to bring heaven and hell together.

"I am not so narrow in my special love, nor in my principles of church communion, as heretofore.

"My soul is much more affected with the thoughts of the miserable world, and more drawn out in desire of their conversion, than heretofore. Could we but go among Tartarians, Turks, and heathens, and speak their language, I should be little troubled for the silencing of eighteen hundred ministers at once in England, nor for all the rest that were cast out here, and in Scotland and Ireland; there being no employment in the world so desirable in my eyes as to labour for the winning of such miserable souls; which maketh me greatly honour Mr. John Eliot,

the Apostle of the Indians in New England, and whoever else have laboured in this work.

“Yet am I not so much inclined to pass a peremptory sentence of denunciation upon all that have never heard of Christ, having some more reason than I had before to think that God’s dealing with such is much unknown to us.

“I am further than ever from hopes of a golden age here, and more apprehensive that suffering must be the Church’s ordinary lot, and that Christians must indeed be cross-bearers. And though God would have vicissitudes of summer and winter, day and night, that the Church may grow *extensively* in the summer of prosperity, and *intensively* and radically in the winter of adversity, yet usually their night is longer than their day, and that day itself hath its storms and tempests. The Church will be still imperfect and sinful, and will have those diseases which need this bitter remedy.

“My censures of the Papists do much differ from what they were at first. I then thought that their errors in doctrine were their most dangerous mistakes, as to the points of merit, justification by works, assurance of salvation, the nature of faith. But now I am assured that their mis-expressions and misunderstanding, with our mistakings of them, and inconvenient expressing our own opinions, have made

the differences in these points to appear much greater than they were; and that in some of them it is next to none at all. But the great and irreconcilable differences lie in their Church tyranny and usurpations, and in their great corruptions and abasements of God's worship, with their befriending of ignorance and vice. I doubt not but that God hath many sanctified ones among them, who have received the doctrine of Christianity so practically, that their contradictory errors prevail not against them to hinder their love of God and their salvation, but that their errors are like a conquerable dose of poison which nature doth overcome. And I can never believe that a man may not be saved by that religion which doth but bring him to the true love of God, and a heavenly mind and life; nor that God will ever cast a soul into hell that truly loveth Him.

"I cannot be so narrow in my principles of Church communion as many are. Many are so much for a liturgy or so much against it, so much for ceremonies or so much against them, that they can hold communion with no Church that is not of their mind and way.

"I am much less regardful of the approbation of man, and set much lighter by contempt or applause than I did long ago; all worldly things appear most

unsatisfactory where we have tried them most; yet, as far as I can perceive, the knowledge of man's nothingness and God's transcendent greatness, with whom it is that I have most to do, and the sense of the brevity of human things and the nearness of eternity, are the principal causes of this effect.

"I am much more apprehensive than long ago of the odiousness and danger of the sin of pride, especially in matters spiritual and ecclesiastical. I think so far as any man is proud he is given to the Devil, and entirely a stranger to God and himself. It's a wonder that it should be a *possible* sin, to men that still carry about with them, in soul and body, such humbling matter as we all do.

"I am much more sensible than heretofore of the breadth, length, and depth of the radical, universal, odious sin of *selfishness*; and of the excellency and necessity of self-denial, and of a public mind, and of loving our neighbour as ourselves.

"I am more and more sensible that most controversies have more need of *right stating* than of *debating*; and if my skill be increased in anything it is in that; *narrowing* controversies by explication and separating the *real* from the *verbal*, and proving to many contenders that they differ less than they think they do.

"I am more solicitous than I have been about my duty to God, and less about His dealings with me; as being assured that He will do all things well, and as knowing there is no rest but in the will and goodness of God.

"I must mention it by way of penitent confession that I am too much inclined to such words in controversial writings which are too keen, and apt to provoke the person I write against. I have a strong natural inclination to call a spade a spade. I confess it is faulty, because it is a hindrance to the usefulness of what I write; and especially because though I feel no anger, yet (which is worse) I know there is some want of honour and love and tenderness to others, and therefore I repent of it, and wish all over-sharp passages were expunged from my writings, and desire forgiveness of God and man. And yet I must say that I am often afraid of the contrary extreme, lest when I speak against great and dangerous errors and sins, I should encourage men to them by speaking too easily of them, as Eli did to his sons.

"I mention these distempers that my faults may be a warning to others to take heed, as they call on myself for repentance and watchfulness. O Lord, for the merits and sacrifice and intercession of Christ,

be merciful to me a sinner, and forgive my known and unknown sins."

These words are as familiar to us as a liturgy, so often used Aunt Dorothy to ask them to be read over to her; although to the last the part she oftenest asked me to read was that about the danger of the "contrary extreme of speaking too easily of dangerous errors and sins," to which she always gave her most emphatic Amen.

She forgave Mr. Baxter, however, for his marriage, on consideration of his young wife's generous assistance of destitute ministers, of her own and her mother's "manly patience" in adversities, and of the faithful affection with which she shared and cheered her husband's imprisonment.

And dear to Aunt Dorothy beyond all other uninspired writings was Mr. Baxter's prison-hymn:—

"THE RESOLUTION.

"Must I be driven from my books,
From house, and goods, and dearest friends?
One of Thy sweet and gracious looks
For more than this will make amends.
The world's Thy book: there I can read
Thy power, wisdom, and Thy love;
And thence ascend by faith, and feed
Upon the better things above.

"I'll read Thy works of providence:

Thy Spirit, conscience, and Thy rod
Can teach without these all the sense

To know the world, myself, and God.

Few books will serve when Thou wilt teach,

Many have stolen my precious time;

I'll leave my books to hear Thee preach,

Church-work is best when Thou dost chime.

"As for my home, it was my tent,

While there I waited on Thy flock;

That work is done, that time is spent,

There neither was my home nor stock.

Would I in all my journey have

Still the same sun and furniture?

Or ease and pleasant dwelling crave,

Forgetting what Thy saints endure?

"My Lord hath taught me how to want

A place wherein to put my head;

While He is mine, I'll be content

To beg or lack my daily bread.

Heaven is my roof, earth is my floor;

Thy love can keep me dry and warm;

Christ and Thy bounty are my store;

Thy angels guard me from all harm.

"As for my friends, they are not lost;

The several vessels of Thy fleet,

Though parted now, by tempest tost,

Shall safely in the haven meet.

Still we are centred all in Thee;

Members, though distant, of one Head;

In the same family we be,

By the same faith and Spirit led.

"Before Thy throne we daily meet,

As joint petitioners to Thee;

In spirit we each other greet,

And shall again each other see,

The heavenly hosts, world without end,
Shall be my company above;
And Thou my best and surest Friend,
Who shall divide me from Thy love?

"Must I forsake the soil and air
Where first I drew my vital breath?
That way may be as near and fair,
Thence I may come to Thee by death.
All countries are my Father's lands;
Thy sun, Thy love doth shine on all;
We may in all lift up pure hands,
And with acceptance on Thee call.

"What if in prison I must dwell,
May I not there converse with Thee?
Save me from sin, Thy wrath, and hell,
Call me Thy child, and I am free.
No walls or bars can keep Thee out;
None can confine a holy soul;
The streets of heaven it walks about;
None can its liberty control.

"Must I feel sicknesses and smart,
And spend my days and nights in pain?
Yet if Thy love refresh my heart,
I need not overmuch complain.
This flesh has drawn my soul to sin,
If it must smart, Thy will be done.
Oh, fill me with Thy joys within,
And then I'll let it grieve alone!

"I know my flesh must turn to dust,
My parted soul must come to Thee,
And undergo Thy judgments just,
And in the endless world must be.
In this there's most of fear and joy,
Because there's most of sin and grace;
Sin will this mortal frame destroy,
But Christ will bring me to Thy face.

"Shall I draw back, and fear the end
Of all my sorrows, fears, and pain,
To which my life and labours tend,
Without which all had been in vain?
Can I for ever be content
Without true happiness and rest?
Is earth become so excellent
That I should take it for my best?

"Or can I think of finding here
That which my soul so long has sought?
Should I refuse those joys, through fear,
Which bounteous Love so dear has bought?
All that does taste of heaven is good;
When heavenly light does me inform,
When heavenly life stirs in my blood,
When heavenly love my heart doth warm.

"Though all the reasons I can see,
Why I should willingly submit,
And comfortably come to Thee —
My God, Thou must accomplish it.
The love which filled up all my days
Will not forsake me to the end;
This broken body Thou wilt raise,
My spirit I to Thee commend."

Such was the kind of "whine" or moan which persecution drew from the true Puritans! Such was the music oppression drew by its strain from strings not otherwise deemed musical. It is the solitary spontaneous songs of those whose natural speech is a quiet prose, which, more than anything, make me comprehend what is meant by the New Song.

We sang that hymn by Aunt Dorothy's grave, on the hill-side, under the old oak-tree where she loved to sit on summer evenings. She used to say the sound of the wind in its leaves took her back to old Netherby; and from its shade she could catch a gleam of the sea, on the other side of which is England.

We had not expected, and we did not find New England to be an Eden, nor even the "desired haven" where the "good fight" would be over. It has been possible, however, to wage the war here, not only for our own souls, but "in those public services for which a man is born." For that end we took refuge here; and we are content. Yet of some wars we have, I trust, seen the victorious end. Since the "being" of the plantations seems secure, men have more leisure to seek their "well-being." Since law has grown to have firmer roots, the law-givers have grown more merciful. Magistrates and ministers have ceased to persecute, and Quakers have ceased to provoke. Which was the cause and which the effect, will perhaps long remain a subject of debate.

Just now, however, there are terrible rumours of witches, which recall the old witch-drowning and rescue of Gammer Grindle on Netherby Mere in my early days. Wretched old women are said to be

accusing themselves of riding through the air on sticks, and of having evil spirits in the form of cats to wait on them, knowing that if convicted they will be hung. My husband thinks that, by-and-by, when the magistrates cease to excite diseased fancies by threats of the gallows, and thus the stimulus of danger is withdrawn, the witches will cease to believe they deserved a terrible punishment by having committed impossible crimes.*

Meantime John Eliot has been fighting the devil in more undeniable forms by preaching the gospel to the Indians. He reduced the language to writing, and translated the Bible into it. At first the Pauwaws, their magicians or "clergymen," were furious, and threatened his life. But he went fearlessly, alone, among them. "I am about the work of the great God," he said. "God is with me. Touch me if you dare." Now there are six churches of baptized praying Indians, and eighteen assemblies of catechumens.

Yet when he was passing away, he said there was a dark cloud on the work among the Indians. The nation itself seems to fade before us. The pray-

* "When the persecution of the witches ceased, the Lord chained up Satan, that the afflicted grew presently well."—

v. COTTON MATHER,

ing Indians perish like caged deer in their Christian villages.

Now, alas! his life of love, which shone among them and before us so many years, has at last faded from our vision.

The firm gentle hand which was wont ever to "ring the curfew for contentions" is still; the voice and the life which preached among us so constantly "*bear, forbear, forgive,*" are silenced. The eyes which flashed so indignantly against wrongs to the weak and helpless, and which glanced so tenderly on the little children, are closed. The "lambs which Christ is not willing to lose" will watch for John Eliot's smile and kindly word henceforth in vain.

Whenever bad news came from England (and in those days it came so often!), he would say, "These are some of the clouds in which the Son of man will come."

And now the better tidings have come, he has passed to better still. The Son of man has come for him, not in a cloud of darkness but of light.

When he was too feeble to labour longer among his Indians, he said, "I wonder for what my Lord keeps me longer here." And then he turned to such sufferers as his labours could yet reach. His last efforts were to gather the negro servants of the

settlers and teach them. His last scholar was a blind boy whom he took to be with him in his house.

His last words to us still in the battle-field were, "*Pray, pray, pray.*"

His first words to the victors he has joined were, "Welcome, joy!"

And soon after this our "Apostle of the Indians" died. Mr. Baxter wrote:—

"There was no man on earth whom I honoured above him. It is his evangelical work that is the Apostolical Succession I plead for. I am now dying, I hope, as he did. It pleased me to read from him my case ('my understanding faileth, my memory faileth, my tongue faileth, but my charity faileth not'). That word much comforted me. God preserve you and New England."

Thus New England has already her apostolic fathers and her sacred graves.

A few months passed, and then we heard how Richard Baxter had followed Eliot home.

"I have pain," he said; "there is no arguing against sense. But I have peace — *I have peace.*" And when asked during his mortal sickness how he did, his reply was, "*Almost well.*"

So the day he looked for as his Sabbath and "high day" came to him, and he is gone to the great company of those he justly honoured, and of some whom he never learned to honour here, in the "many mansions" of that "all-reconciling world."

But alas, when shall we say "*almost well*" for, what he called, "this distracted world?"

In England the better days seem dawning, and here in New England.

But from France Lettice's old servant Barbe, who has taken refuge here with her family, brings tidings too sad to think of.

Port Royal is extinguished as a source of light; the schools suppressed; the nuns prisoners in their own convent or elsewhere; the recluses silenced and scattered. Hundreds of the best men and women in France, as Madame la Mothe deemed them, thus rendered powerless for good.

But the sufferers of whom Barbe speaks count by hundreds of thousands! "One soweth and another reapeth." Who will reap the harvest of this sowing?

Of these hundred thousand good Protestant men and women scattered, tortured, killed, at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and through all the

persecutions before and after it, of whom Barbe tells us stories of horror such as England never knew, those other good men and women of Port Royal, on earth, knew nothing.

Oh, joyful revelations of that "all-reconciling world!" Next to the joy of seeing Him in whom God reconciles us all to Himself and to each other, will be the joy of seeing the wonder on the countenances of saint after saint as they unlearn their wrong judgments of one another.

The joy of the unlearning.

Yes; this joy of unlearning is one we shall certainly none of us miss! As John Robinson said on the other side of the sea, at Delft Haven, to the fathers of our New England when they were departing, "If God reveal anything to you by any other instrument, be very willing to receive it as from me. Lutherans go not beyond Luther; Calvinists beyond Calvin; yet though burning and shining lights in their time, they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God. But were they now living, they would be as willing to receive further light as that which they first received from the Word of God."

They *are* living, living and learning, and ever "receiving further light" from the Eternal Light (oh, how willingly!), on the other side of that Great Sea

which we must all so soon pass over, to learn together, with ever deepening love and joy, how wide His dominion is "of whose diocese we are," "On Both Sides of the Sea."

THE END.

which we must all so soon pass over, to learn to
gather, with ever deepening love and joy, how wide
its dominion is, of whose choice we are." "On
Both Sides of the Sea."

THE END.

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Gardner ...
next to ...
A Story ...
MRS. GASTON ...
North ...
of ...
Sylvia ...
Wine ...
Phil ...
GOLDSTEIN ...
Pomer ...
MRS. GORE ...
Dear ...
P. ...
two ...
"JEWELL" ...
for ...
a ...
I ...
Domestic ...
The ...
Wine ...
Lith ...
Lith ...
MRS. HALL ...
MRS. HARTWELL ...
HAWTHORNE ...
Transformation ...
HUMAN ...
HOUSEHOLD ...
Diana ...
republic ...
WASHINGTON ...
I ...
Marian ...
East ...
G.P. ...
I ...
Sue ...
Agnes ...
miser ...
Gipsy ...
The ...
MRS. JONES ...
Skirmish ...
Frank ...
DODGE ...
Saint ...
JOHN ...
MRS. ...
Burn ...
Add ...
Frank ...
of ...
Sylvia ...
KING ...
Under ...
KING ...
the ...

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